

Edw. Bulmer^R
HEALTH RESTOR'D,
OR, THE

Triumph of NATURE,
OVER
PHYSICK, DOCTORS, and
APOTHECARIES.

In Twelve Entertaining CONVERSATIONS.

Plainly Evincing by REASON, NATURE, and
PHILOSOPHY, the Absurdity and Inconsistency of
the Practice of *Physicians*; their Ignorance in al-
most all Distempers; the Insignificancy and Un-
certainty of the *Materia Medica*, and the Danger
and Folly of making use of them.

Earnestly Recommended,

To those that would preserve HEALTH, and pro-
long LIFE.

To which is added,

An ESSAY on REGIMEN.

*The first Physicians by Debauch were made;
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.
By Chase our long-lived Fathers earn'd their Food,
Toil string'd the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood;
But we their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men
Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten,
Better to Hunt in Fields for Health undought,
Than see the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.
The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend;
God never made his Work, for Man to mend.*

Dryden.

L O N D O N.

Printed for J. TORBUCK, in *Clare-Court*; J. BOYDELL, in *Russel-
Court*; and F. NOBLE, at *Osway's Head*, in *St. Martin's Court*,
St. Martin's Lane. MDCCL.

[Price 2 s. Sewed in blew, or 2 s. 6 d. Bound.]

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THE P R E F A C E.



Y Design in entring upon this Work, was only to Laugh at such, as first abandon themselves to Excess, and afterwards to Physick, for a Remedy against the Evil Consequences of their Intemperance. But so difficult it is to stop the Current of Raillery when the Vein is open, that I could not help making a little merry, also, with such as are Sick, with the fear of falling Sick: Neither have I spar'd the Doctors, who sooth up these fanciful Patients in their vapourish Whimsies. That my Reader, therefore, may take my Intention, I must inform him, what I would insinuate is, that, provided he has naturally a tolerable Consti-

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Constitution, with Moderation and Temperance; he may, without the Exponence of a Physician, or an Apothecary, in a general Way, preserve himself in a State of Health.

This I have endeavour'd to inculcate in an allegorical Manner, by introducing the Heart, Stomach, &c. as Personal Appearances, something Dramatically, or rather, in Imitation of that famous Fable of the Rebellion of the Members against the Belly. The Conversations are conducted in a Method and Disposition new and uncommon, and I hope, entertaining. And I flatter myself, the Justice of the Satire, will be a sufficient Recommendation without the Pomp of a Protector in the Front, or a beggarly Apology in the Rear.



HEALTH



HEALTH RESTOR'D, &c.

CONVERSATION the First.

*Between the HEART and STOMACH, after
a luxurious Banquet.*

HEART.

FOR Shame! Away with this excessive Intemperance! How often have I told you I can't endure it? Under a plausible Pretence of heaping Obligations upon me, you are perpetually loading me with insupportable Burdens; breaking my Measures, and discomposing the Method and Order of my Œconomy. If you still continue to proceed in this riotous Manner, what will be the Consequence? Why, nauseous Qualms, pungent Paroxysms, and splenetic Vapours, in such Abundance that we shall be oblig'd to have Recourse to a Remedy worse than the Disease; i. e. to the Physicians and Apothecaries. The natural Consequence of whose heterogeneous Mixtures is, to improve the Distemper, instead of curing the Patient; and to shed the malignant Influence of their *Nostrums* throughout the Body; which are always so infallibly productive of intolerable Dolours, that we shall even cry to Death every Moment for Relief, when, perhaps, to con-

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CONVERSATION
HEART. *Heart*. *Stomach*. *Stomach*.
pleat our Ministry, the cross-grain'd Skeleton will prove
dead to our Cure.

STOM. Alas! I thought I had the principal Reason
to complain. For, in these revelling Hours, I have
so little Power to do as I would, that I can't be heard
a Syllable, tho' I exclaim and remonstrate till I am
sick again.

HEART. When you have receiv'd as much as may
satisfy us, why don't you command the Appetite to
shut the Gate? and to tell them, if they'll needs be
importunate, that the Passages are stopt; and that
no more must enter; a *Stomach* that knows what's
good for Life, should not, at Table, gage itself by
the Capacity of its Neighbour, but by its own.

STOM. 'Tis true, it might be so as you say, if the
first Thing they did, was not to make the Porter
drunk; for before the first Course is ended, he is al-
ready quite out of his Course, and then I am no more
the Master; he suffers himself to be tickled with strong
Ragou's; and what is worst of all, he lets every
thing pass, upon Assurance given him, that their
Business is only to cheer and fortify the *Heart*.

HEART. And thus, by his Persuasion, you are
overpower'd, and yield.

STOM. Sure enough: Can I deny any thing that's
good for you? How would you like it, if I should
refuse Entrance to that which hath Orders to go
straight to the *Heart*? Your own Conduct confirms me
in this; for on such Occasions, you give me Ground
to think, that you are no Enemy to good Wine, and
strong Liquors.

HEART. I find I am a Stranger to you; for were
it not for the Cheerfulness that Drink inspires, I
should abhor it; and if sometimes I bear with Excess
of

CONVERSATION I 3

of Wine, it is because the Danger is not so great, for you to be full of Liquor, as of solid Food.

STOM. Be that as it will, we are to be pitied. It were to be wished for both our Sakes, that under colour of a civil Entertainment, they would not engage us into all the Disorders of Drunkenness and Gluttony.

HEART. And truly it is my Intention, to take some Course that these Debauches may not hurt us; and therefore without more Delay, we must resolve against those Abuses that proceed from that Quantity of Meat and Drink, which they offer and force us to take. For Excesses of this Nature are grown so exorbitant, that all the Waters and Soil of our Country Produce, fit for eating or drinking, are now-a-days jumbled together on the same Table, with the Spice and Sauces of both the *Indies*.

STOM. Nay it is certain that the Quantity and Diversity of Meats, jostle us quite out of the right Way of Health.

HEART. Do Men think, that because they out-do that plain and simple Way of feeding as our Forefathers did, they are therefore more skillful in dressing of Victuals, than Nature herself, which in the several Seasons of the Year produces all that is convenient; tempering the Fruit with a just Proportion, and one may say, they are as they ought to be, for those that need them, without any Necessity of Addition, or Subtraction to make them better or more healthful.

STOM. I am persuaded of the Truth of what you say; but—

HEART. Why, but? If a Man thinks that Sugar is of great use for Northern People, he is much mistaken; and an ordinary Prune delights a *Laplander* more than the richest Conserve does a *Gambela*.

HEALTH RESTOR'D, &c.

may Wine, Brandy, and Punch, would be useless within the Tropicks, were it not for Custom.

STOM. If we pursue Matters so far, we are like to launch out into a long and tedious Voyage: And therefore, though your Sentiments are very just, as to the Abuse of mustering together in one Dish the Productions of all the four Parts of the World, and the swilling down, in one and the same Meal, the most exquisite Liquors of all Sorts: yet, be rul'd by me; let us attempt no more but some convenient Moderation in the Matter; for if it be observed that we skip from one Extremity to another, we shall be but laugh'd at.

HEART. Have Men then lost their Wits?

STOM. They pretend to quite the contrary; nay, they maintain that the first Men were but Beasts, when Nuts, Medlars, and such-like Fruits served them for Food; they imagine that Nature does but rough-hew our Aliments, and that Art must bring them to Perfection. Whence likewise they conclude, that Nourishment being the fundamental Law of Human Society, they cannot eat and drink too often, since all Sorts of Animals are made tame with Food.

HEART. They ought, at least, to observe the Rules of Temperance.

STOM. Sure enough: But they fancy, to follow these Maxims is not so much to Live, as to Languish: and if Novelty, and good dressing of Victuals carries them beyond the Bounds of Sobriety, they know how to remedy those little Disorders by a speedy Digestion; which not only eases and comforts Nature, but enlivenens her, and makes her stronger than when directed by the Poise and Ballance of Sobriety.

HEART. Great Doctors indeed! that speak very boldly of what they don't at all understand.

STOM.

CONVERSATION I.

STOM. However, I should not complain of their Ignorance, but be willing patiently to suffer, sometimes to be overcharged with Meat and Drink, under what Shape or Figure the Whimsy of the Officer, at the Desire of Gluttons and Parasites disguises them; provided these Surfeittings were not so frequent, and that they were followed by Abstinence and Diet, for by that means I might come to myself again; but it puts me to Despair, when next Day after a Debauch, such as this, I am made the Storehouse of *Cassia* and *Sena*, accompanied with Rhubarb and Scammony; and if that operate not according as the Faculty and College expect, I am condemned to the purging Wine, *Crocus*, that is to say, to the Rack ordinary and extraordinary, which puts me within a Finger's Breadth of Death.

HEART. It is not you that suffer alone, and complain of those ill-timed Prescriptions; and therefore, that we may remedy the same, let us begin by declaring War against all those Enemies of *Healib*, who under Pretext of coming to our Assistance, drain us of our Forces and Spirits, so that a whole Age is hardly sufficient to retrieve us from the miserable State we are in, when we get out of the Hands of those Poisoners and Murderers, countenac'd by Luxury, and tolerated by Government.

STOM. Nay, the Truth is, when *Physicians* cure a Disease, the Patient commonly dies of the Cure: You can't think how glad I am to hear the Proposition you make; but do you believe that you and I are strong enough to engage such powerful Enemies?

HEART. Never doubt it; let us but despise them, and we shall certainly get the Victory.

STOM. That will do for the Enemies without; but how shall we reduce those within?

HEART.

HEART. What you say wants not its Difficulties ; and I foresee, that it will not be an easy Matter to surmount *Prejudice*, which besets our Reason. For that Fool hath made her declare so positively in Favour of *Epicurism* and *Physic*, that one would think, her Design of destroying our *Health*, was only to enrich the Traitor and *Physician*.

STOM. Oh ! I am ready to burst, and can hold no more ; yet my *Nose* advises me of an odd Ragon and a lusty Brimmer they are going to regale me with, Sure I shall burst.

HEART. That's a noble Point of Honour, indeed, To drown one's self, when there is no Necessity for it ; don't you perceive they are about to make you the Receptacle of all the Bottles that remain in the Cistern ? as if it were worth while to know, how much exactly you are able to hold.

STOM. I can no longer resist the Evil that oppresses me. Help, help ! or I sink under the Burden.

HEART. Extream Evils must have extream Remedies : An Insurrection on such Occasions is a great Secret, though I should even be reckoned the Author of it—Courage ! we are now delivered from what lay heaviest upon us.

STOM. Ha ! how much I am eas'd.

HEART. In Expectation of the Return of the *Appetite* which is lost, I have just now given Order to Mr. *Crop-sick* to keep the Door, and suffer nothing to enter into your Quarters during the whole Day ; and for my Part, I shall bravely second him, and demand nothing at all ; I'll refuse whatever may be offered me : In the mean time, to hinder the Intestines from interrupting us, I have ordered the Gall to make an entire Evacuation of the Place.

STOM.

CONVERSATION II.

STOM. Ha! make use of some other than of that Blade; for if the *Physicians*, who pry into every Thing, perceive that he is concerned in our Affairs, they'll say I have got a *Cholera Morbus*, and that will be enough to make me in a Moment become an *Apothecary's Shop*.

HEART. Be easy, and take your Rest. I'll go to recall the Spirits from the Organs, to recruit and temper them with a long and quiet Sleep: Afterwards we'll take the best Measures we can, not to relapse into such Disorders again.

STOM. I consent, and with Pleasure betake myself to Sleep: What Pity is it, the Heart cannot, as well as I, taste of these Pleasures! but why do I regret? when a Camp is beset with Enemies, and the Soldiers must have Rest, there is a Necessity for the General to watch.

HEART. Say rather, that in a Town besieged, and on all Sides open, it is only in the Time of Sleep, and during the Darkness of the Night, that the Breaches can be repaired.

CONVERSATION II.

REASON refusing to answer the Motions of the

HEART, makes use of **PREJUDICE** to speak to him.

PREJUDICE.

TALK no more of that: you shall never persuade me, that we are able to judge what is good for the *Health* of the Body, and far less, that we know what is to be done, to preserve or restore it, when it is out of Order.

HEART.

HEART. Was *Reason* here, we should hear another kind of Language.

PREJU. That I question much: For if *Physicians*, skilful and learned as they are, call others to their Assistance, when they themselves are sick; how can weak *Reason*, that never studied, nor took a Degree, understand Diseases, distinguish Symptoms, and proceed to a Cure.

HEART. If the Degree made the Doctor, *Physicians* would know their own Diseases, and Cure. There can be no greater Sign of their Ignorance, than their craving Assistance of others. Can a Lawyer know the Matter of Fact better than the Party? On such Occasions, the Question is not, how to gild the Pill, but how to plead the Cause? and that's a Thing well worth the Labour. It is our Life that's concerned; and have we any Thing more precious? Conclude then with me, that the *Body* and *Reason* constituting but one and the same Person, there is a Necessity, that when that suffers, this should endeavour for its Relief.

PREJU. These chimerical Unions were good in those Days, when the Husband and Wife were but one Body and one Soul; that Time is past, and *Reason* is convinced, that no Man knowing himself, we must wholly trust our *Health* to those, who labour Day and Night to find out a Specifick and proper Remedy for all Distempers.

HEART. But hold! where are the *Physicians* that study to find out Specificks for Diseases? They are like singing Birds, whose Skill consists only in a Note, Tone, or a Cant that signifies nothing at all.

PREJU. That Note or Cant hath such Charms, it links the Patient's Ear to the *Physician's* Mouth.

HEART.

CONVERSATION II.

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HEART. What false Steps do you cause *Reason* to make? How do you lead her out of the Way Nature hath prescribed for enjoying perfect *Health*? How dangerous is it to be possessed with *Prejudice*, and not to see but with another Man's Eyes? What have you got, by delivering us over to the College? Is our Stomach the better for it? Do I droop the less for it? Our Feet are no longer able to carry us, and the Nodes and Knobs of our Fingers deprive us of the Use of our Hands: See now, how the Specific Bills of your Doctors, have compleated the Ruin, which your Debauches begun with Pleasure.

PREJU. They know your Distempers, and the Causes of them, better than you do. They proceed only from the bad Temper of your Constitution, and a Complication of your Infirmities. Can one quench the burning Heat of your Bowels, without over-cooling your Stomach? or rectify the Tone of this, without over-heating your upper Region?

HEART. Nay, rather say, that all our Miseries proceed only from the draining of our Veins, and the Diversity of Poisons that hath been given us: And that's the Reason, that in the midst of our Career, we suffer all the Pains and Anxieties of the most decrepid and unfortunate Old Age.

PREJU. If you suffer, blame the bad Influences of your Ascendant, and not your *Physician*, who always times his Remedies by the most favourable *Signs* and *Aspects*. Hold your Peace then, or talk more discreetly.

HEART. When *Reason* speaks, and gives me Counsel, I listen and obey. But so long as she will not speak to me but by your Organ, and that in the Language of an Almanack too, I shall only consult *Nature*, *Patience*, and *Sobriety*, with the Examples of those that live under their Laws; of them I shall make

Experiments, which agreeing with the *Stomach*, are much better than all the raving of the Mountebank Astrologers.

PRINCE. We are much agreed upon the Matter; for what have we hitherto done, but followed the Inclination of *Nature*, and granted the *Heart* and *Stomach*, whatever they were pleased to demand?

HEART. You have not followed *Nature*, but your own vicious Inclinations; and all the Complaisance you have had, has been for your own irregular Appetites, and not for the *Stomach* and me: This had never been, if you had not made *Reason* transgress its Bounds; and since she hath forgot her Functions, it is my Duty to tell you of it, that you make her reflect.

PRINCE. How now, Insolence? But let it pass; the *Heart* loves to comfort himself.

HEART. Know then, that *Nature*, so soon as a Child is born, being willing to continue her Work to the End, gives the *Stomach* new Orders to demand Food; and the *Intails* to make good Use of it. Now, since *Nature* foresees, that they will ask for more Materials than they know what to do with, without marring or disfiguring her Work, she sets over them, at the same time, in Quality of an Overseer, or Conservator, that which is called *Reason*, with Power to moderate the Appetites, and gently to excite all the several Parts of the *Body*, diligently to mind their Functions, upon Pain of Suspension, nay, even of Deprivation of *Health*.

PRINCE. What does all this tedious Speculation drive at?

HEART. To make you understand, that when *Reason*, which was absolute and independant, becomes a Slave, trusting others with her Charge, all Things are presently out of Order, and in Confusion. *Health* wherein

CONVERSATION II

wherein consisted the Beauty of Life, retiring, we become deformed; our well Days are gone, and, maugre all the vain Efforts of *Reason*, sees her Error too late; we are made a Prey to Infirmities and melancholy Reflections.

PREJO. Can *Reason* remedy all Things? Where she cannot be present in Person, her Lieutenants fight under her Banners; and in such Engagements she has got the Victory over many Diseases, under the Conduct and Command of *Physicians*.

HEART. If so, you are much to blame, that you have not erected a Monument to the College, as an Acknowledgement due to the Efficacy of their Remedies, and to the Skill they have shown in dosing and dispensing them with so much Exactness and Circumspection, that the Blame was not to be laid at their Door, nor yours, if we be not cured of all Diseases.

PREJO. Come, come, let us leave jesting: It is certain, had it not been for the lucky Boldness of *Physicians*, in draining all your corrupt Blood, and clearing you from the Malignity of your Intestines, at the very Nick of Time prescribed by the Stars and Nature, you could not so present brag, that the Faculty hath made you a new Body.

HEART. A new Body of the College's making, is not so good as an old one that never pass'd through their Hands; yet I do not deny, but that *Physicians* may, by Chance cure some light Distemper, when they work upon a good Constitution, but it must be also acknowledged, that we pay dear enough for the Cure.

PREJO. What matters that, provided we live?

HEART. Is that to live, when we come out under the Doctors Hands, to lead so brittle and languishing a Life,

life, that for the least Deviation from the strict Rules they prescribe, and which they themselves cannot observe, we fall into Relapses worse than the Disease. To undeceive you then, in one Word, of the great Opinion you have of the vast Extent of their Knowledge, and the Infallibility of their Receipts, know—

PRÆJ. What can you say as to that, which I do not know?

HEART. That your Physicians, having consumed upon a poor Patient the whole Stock of their shallow Art, without being able to kill or cure him; it is not enough for them to lay the Blame upon the occult Malignities that reign in the Elements, but they must likewise quarrel with the Heavens and Stars. At length, to slip the Collar, they leave off prescribing, and advise the Patient to a Milk Diet; and if he find himself no better for it, they send him to the Bath, Tunbridge, or Epsom Wells, and then to his native Air; for they chuse he should die out of the Reach of his Acquaintance. In the mean while, the Patient gains by their Evasions, and recovering his Liberty, gets into the Way of Nature again, and by that Means escapes their Tyranny.

PRÆJ. I can no longer endure those injurious Reflections against a Faculty, to which the Heart, that finds Fault with it, owes a particular Obligation.

HEART. What, pray, hath it done for me then?

PRÆJ. Don't you as yet perceive, that the Faculty hath rejected the Speculation of Urines; and trusts no more but to your Morions? That they inspire into her all the Oracles she pronounces, do you reckon that nothing?

HEART. Nay, if it were possible, less than nothing.

PRÆJ. But when there's Need of Remedies, to whom

PREJU. And yet it is really true, that *Physicians* now-a-days ground their Conjectures only upon the Consequences that they draw from the March of the *Pulse*, and prescribe nothing, but according to the Quality of the Blood, which they draw from the *Vains*.

HEART. It is in vain for the *Physician* to consult me, if he understand not my Language. Can he draw good Consequences from my Motions, if he be ignorant of the Cause of them? Does he know, that at every Turn I receive unexpected Orders, which make me change and alter my Pace? Do they know, that *Nature* would have me march slowly in good Way, that is to say, when the *Blood* is thin and subtle; and that when it is thick, I should double my Pace. In a Word, it is with my Motions as with Faces, which are all alike, and all unlike one another. After all, what Judgment can a *Physician* make of *Blood* exposed to the Air, which by being let out, loses what was essential to it with that which remains in the *Vains*? And then, because he has seen my *Blood* look sometimes one Way, and sometimes another, can he tell the better for that, what *Nature* intends to do with it?

PREJU. Yes, he must needs know the better, seeing he rectifies *Nature*, and turns her as he pleases.

HEART. That is easily said, but hard to prove; take my Word for it, a *Physician* can better irritate *Nature*, than rectify her: But it is a Comfort for those who have no Commerce with him, that he cannot spoil the Intentions of a good Mother towards her Children, who takes Pleasure to rectify their Errors, when they trust to her.

PREJU. Who doubts but that *Nature* is helpful, and infallible in her Operations, and that she must be observed, and nothing done but in Conjunction with her? But when there is Need of Remedies, to whom can

can we better apply ourselves, than to the *Physicians*, who are our *Children*?

HEART. To *Nature*, I tell you, who suggests what Remedies are fit for those whom she governs, which are so much the better and more pleasant, that they are earnestly desired, and prepared by her own Hand. It's by that Means alone, that we procure a settled *Health*, which lasts all *Nature*, untwisting the Thread of Life, makes Death as soft to us as our *Sleep*; whereas your *Physicians*, having rent and torn us during the Course of a long *Disease*, deliver us up to Death amidst a Thousand Pains and Tortures.

PATRICK. Will you never let these Gentlemen alone, whom you cannot reverence too much? Could you, without them, enjoy that pure and fresh *Blood*, which they have the Goodness to renew every New Moon? Without that Prevention, you would be furnished with nothing but adust *Blood*, which would raise your *Choler* every Hour of the Day. In fine, had it not been for them, you had long ago been swallowed up by the Vapours of your *Spleen* and *Melancholy*.

HEART. Mercy on me! What Glibberish is this!

PATRICK. Nay, what Language is this I hear? And, once for all, remember, that it belongs to *Reason*, whom I represent, to command, and you to obey.

HEART. Alas! What Conduct is this? What will become of me!

CONVERSATION III. 25

CONVERSATION III.

The HEART, dissatisfied with PREJUDICE, confederates with the STOMACH, for returning under the Laws of Nature.

STOMACH.

From whence come all these Sighs and Sobs? What is the Cause of so great a Dejection? What is it that troubles you? Is there no Way left to comfort you? I have discharged my Functions: I am free; and though weak, yet in a Condition to perform all that you can desire: Command what you would have done; speak, I pray; it seems you have forgot, that Sadness is the Poison of the Heart. I must, cost what it will, cheer you up.

HEART. Ah! I burst for Anger, I am undone, and e'en reduced to Despair. Shall it be said, that the Heart must depend, so long as it lives, upon Reason, that says and does nothing, but by the Intervention of a headstrong and extravagant Fool? No! She must of Necessity either turn away that false Prejudice, or I must shake off the Yoke of her Empire. Ha! Prejudice, how much Mischief hast thou done us? And how much art thou still like to do?

STOM. You have already spoken to me of that Prejudice, tell me, if you can, who she is.

HEART. Why, she is the Daughter of that Gluttony, who hath endeavoured a Thousand Times to make us burst at Table.

STOM. By whom had your Debauchee that foolish Girl?

HEART.

HEART. Why, by the eldest Daughter of the College.

STOM. What, by Pharmacy, Twin-Sister to pale Phlebotomy, who, by her old Husbands, hath had Epilepsy, Palsy, Apoplexy, Consumption, Dropsy, and Jaundice.

HEART. By the very same, and that by this good Token too, that she went but three Months with her; which is the Reason she's call'd *Prejudice*, or *Prevention*.

STOM. How three Months! That's a Thing unheard, it cannot be; Or else she must have thought, that a big Belly was just like some Kinds of *Physick* she gives, which come away as soon as taken.

HEART. Faith, I can't tell; but it is certain, that before, *Physicians* thought it enough to say, that a Child of seven Months might live, and by a Miracle one of five. At present, for Kindred Sake, they have concluded, that this might live at three Months, founding their Opinion on this, that it was but so long since the Marriage was celebrated.

STOM. Can you desire a more convincing Argument. According to that Aphorism, a Child of eight Days might live, as well as a Child of nine Months: But tell me, What Course has been taken to bring up that pretended *Abortive*?

HEART. Why as soon as it was born, the College took Care of it.

STOM. Nay, that's not to be wondered at; for it is not of yesterday, that Grand-fathers and Grand-mothers dote upon their Grand-children.

HEART. The first Nourishment they gave it was *Physick*, under Colour of purging it from a Venom that we bring into the World with us; which, as the

Doctors

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Doctors say, early or late puts us in Danger of Death. But all this Precaution hath not hindred, but that *Prejudice* is at present grown a little vain glorious Rattle-head, in a Word, a giddy-brain'd thing, that takes Pleasure to speak Nonsense, and to maintain them. Nevertheless, seeing she takes it of her Father to be pleasant Company at Table, and of her Mother, to cajole and flatter in Sickneſs; ſhe hath managed thoſe little Talents ſo well, that *Reason* hath made her her Favourite.

STOMACH. Her Favourite!

HEART. Yes, her Favourite, and ſo much her Favourite, that I can no ways come to the knowledge of the Sentiments of *Reason*, but by her Means.

STOMACH. We were ſo well governed without the help of *Reason*, during the firſt year of our Life: that one would think we might ſtill go on, and ſuſtain our Courſe without her interſering.

HEART. We muſt not flatter ourſelves; if in our young and tender Age we taſted the Cream of perfect *Health*; for *Nature* at that time took care of us, ſhe was our Guide in the Infancy of *Reason*: And ſeeing we are not as yet come to that Age, wherein *Reason* and *Nature* muſt give way to Habit and Cuſtom, we ought of Neceſſity to obey *Reason*, provided ſhe act fairly with us, and liſtens favourably to our Grievances: But perceiving that ſhe is obſtinately reſolved not to unmask *Prejudice*, nor to govern us without Diſguiſe; I am reſolved at the Peril of my Life and Fortune, to acknowledge her no more, could I be but as well aſſured of you, as I am already of a conſiderable Number of the other Members of our Empire.

STOMACH. You may rely on me, as much, if not more, than any other.

D

HEART.

HEART. But before you declare yourself openly against the Faculty, consider with yourself, if you are able, all of a sudden, to shake off the Habit of taking *Physick*; for I know very well you will be plyed first with purgative Preservatives, then with corroborative Digestives, and lastly with carminative Aperitives.

STOMACH. The Truth is, this poor *Body* thinks itself very happy, when it misses a Day without letting *Blood*, or taking a lusty Dose of *Physick*, when it is excused for the Evening and Morning Service; that is to say, for a couple of Glysters, with some usual Pills for a Prelude to Dinner and Supper, without which, they pretend, we cannot live. Think what Joy it would be, if we could free ourselves from this Slavery?

HEART. All these panick Fears, scare none but little Children: We'll remedy all these Apprehensions, by only laying an Embargo on the Mouth. Speedily put ourselves in a Condition to baffle the Attempts which *Prejudice* will make to conquer us, as soon as ever she comes to understand that we oppose and revolt against her.

STOMACH. What hinders you from telling me your Thoughts in Relation to that?

HEART. That we may not be disappointed in the Discovery of the Secret I intend to communicate to you, and the Measures we are to take; hinder your Appetite from making a Noise, and shut all the Doors so fast, that nothing may be able to interrupt us. Above all things, let us take care the *Liver* suspect nothing. I have some Cause to mistrust him.

STOMACH. And I to complain of him. However the Orders are given, you may say all you please, I attend.

HEART

CONVERSATION III. 19

HEART. Know then I have had a long Conference with *Prejudice*, but got so little Satisfaction therein, that I have resolv'd no longer to submit to the Government of that Favourite: This is not all; I have engag'd the nobler Parts in our Concerns, and especially all that live in the Region of Circulation. Besides, I have so well managed the *Senses*, by the Mediation of *Common Sense*, that they are resolv'd no more to hear nor see *Physicians*, far less to *smell*, *touch*, or *taste* any the least Thing that comes from them, so that they have declared in our Favour.

STOMACH. A fair Progress, indeed.

HEART. That is not all neither, I have so far prevail'd with the *Brain*, who provok'd at the Irregularities that *Prejudice* causes there, will follow all my Motions. I have push'd on the Matter so far, that *Sleep*, which by Turns disposes of the whole *Body* as well as *Reason*, and if one dare say so, more absolutely than she, hath promised me, for facilitating of our Enterprize, to anticipate as much as may be, upon the Time allotted to *Reason*, and thereby to shorten the Duration of her Reign. I tell you nothing of *Dreams*, though I make great Esteem of them; for you know they desire as much as we, the Return of the Golden Age, of which they still retain all the Ways of acting.

STOMACH. But suppose every one do what they have promised, who is to be entrusted with the Management of the Whole?

HEART. *Nature*, from whom we must all take Orders.

STOMACH. That's well: But consider that *Nature* is a very simple kind of Thing for the People, who, as it is said, would see the Gods march before them. And therefore it would be convenient, besides that Pilot, to give the People also an Anchor, to which

they might fasten their Hopes, during the Tempest of Diseases.

HEART. That I intend to do hereafter, for I purpose to retrieve the Honour of *Experiments*, the Name whereof rendered odious by our Enemies. By that Means *Medicine* will be brought back to its Original, and become so familiar and natural, that no body will need any other *Physician* but himself, only applying what he shall find proper for his Distemper.

STOMACH. The Scheme is good, and the Design pleases me well. But seeing States pass not from one kind of Government to another without Danger, would it not be convenient to appoint some Substitute to Nature, who might be acceptable to her, and take the Conduct and Government of us in our first Essay?

HEART. Nature hath provided for that, by suggesting to me to make use of *Sobriety* and *Patience*, who understand the Conduct of the *Body* perfectly well: For if they be not the Mothers, they are at least the Nurses and Governants of *Health*; and besides that, I'll pass my Word for them, they are the declared Enemies of Indispositions, nay and of most Diseases too.

STOMACH. I know it, and willingly submit to their Direction. To let you see how much I am persuaded of what you say, I desire a Favour of you, that *Sobriety* would presently come and establish the Seat of her Empire with me. You know, as I lie most open, so I am the most exposed to our Enemies, and therefore I cannot be too well fortified, nor too soon put into a Posture of Defence. With her Assistance I shall bridle *Appetite*, and perform my Functions at more Leisure, to the Advantage of those who are concerned.

Empirick.

HEART.

HEART. I am overjoyed to find that you have prevented me. Since then *Reason* neglects to possess the Posts of the *Stomach* when Men eat, and to go to the *Heart*, when she would put in Execution her great Thoughts in the *Head*; I think it convenient, *Sobriety* take up her Quarters with you, and let *Patience* have the Charge to make head against *Reason*, to what Side soever *Prejudice* may turn her; considering the frequent Recruits and Assistances that we shall send to *Patience*, it will be no easy Matter to baffle her.

STOMACH. If *Patience* be as well seconded by others, as *Sobriety* shall be by me, doubt not but we shall obtain the Victory.

CONVERSATION IV.

The STOMACH, pressed with Hunger, talks of good Cheer, which SOBRIETY suffers, the better to compass its Ends.

SOBRIETY. *The STOMACH.*

SOBRIETY. I AM very sensible of your intestine Jarrs, as well as you, and the Impertinencies of your Appetite: But you must be firm, and resist their griping Sollicitations, till the Hour when you used to gratify them be past: They'll trouble you no more after. Come, Courage; let us talk of the Pleasures that accompany *Health*.

STOMACH. You say well. But consider likewise that a hungry *Belly* has no Ears. The Hour of eating

is when one is hungry. I am torn to pieces! I cannot hold out, I die!

SOBRIETY. Are not you ashamed to cry for Hunger like a Child?

STOMACH. Consider, I pray, my *Liver* is large and hot; he cannot be put off with the Amusements and Excuses Abstinence makes use of, to beguile Hunger which devours me. A Crust of Bread and a Glass of Wine, or I faint.

SOBRIETY. You'll revive that famous *Glutton* of Antiquity, who finding no one *Body* to stand by him for the Space of a whole Day, in eating and drinking, made his four Meals with four different Clubs of Epicures.

STOMACH. I do not talk of four Meals, but of one which may last as long as my Appetite. Suffer not, I pray, that Fasting over-heat my *Choler* more than it has already, lest you desire to see me fall into a fainting Fit.

SOBRIETY. Is this the Effect of all the fair Promises you just now made to the *Heart*? But I am not startled at those Weaknesses: my Orders must be put in Execution; and all the Ways you take to persuade me, are so many Motives that incline me to do nothing at all. If you be not, take a little Water.

STOMACH. What! Water?

SOBRIETY. Yes, Water.

STOMACH. If you had said Strong-Waters, it had been some Comfort; but mere Element, common Water; is it possible I can taste it, and not expire?

SOBRIETY. You shall taste it, and not expire. It is far better for you in the Condition you are in, than

CONVERSATION III.

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than the Oil you would pour upon the Fire, which would consume you.

STOMACH. Alas! where is now the Time, when I began my Day with a lusty Dish of Chocolate, or a Mess of hearty Jelly Broth, which some Hours after was followed by an Embassy of Pottage, consisting of a Dozen of plump young Pidgeons, swimming in Gravy, or other convenient Liquor, and attended with forced Meats, Cocks-combs, Palats, Mush-rooms, and the rest of that savoury Train; which, as Deputies from their Principals, come to complement the *Taste*, and advertise me, that whole Nations were upon their March, to submit themselves entirely to the absolute Disposal of the *Appetite*?

SOBRIETY. What, do you still look back? Have you forgot, that you regret the Want of that, which has been the Cause of all your Ills? That the least Punishment which the Excess of good Cheer inflicts upon those who give themselves over to it, is to be loaded with a hundred Weight of useless Fat? These Sufferings are no ways excusable but in an old *Seythian*, who desires to be fat, that his Kindred may feed upon him with Pleasure.

STOMACH. If you draw these Consequences from what has been said, what think you of the same being flank'd with the Dishes of the four Elements and Season of the Year affords, and that only for the first Course?

SOBRIETY. I would say that all these are but so many Snares, laid for *Health*, and I should long for those delicious Repasts, which consist only in one Dish furnished with one Sort of Meat, of which every one takes as much as he hath need: I would have Judgment, and not Necessity to be the Carver for the *Appetite*.

STOMACH.

STOMACH. There are many, who care as little as you for these Preludes, and who never fall to eating in good earnest, till they see a good *English* Piece of roast Beef and Pudding on the Table.

SOBRIETY. In such dangerous Occasions, I commend those who begin and end with the Beef.

STOMACH. How is it possible to stop there? when other Meats are served up half concocted; if they be but in the least moistned with Wine cooled in Ice, they do no more than pass through us without any Stay. And it's well they are so; for roast Meats and Salats, crowned with Flowers and green Leaves, present themselves with so pleasant a Mien, so well disposed to follow that which went before, that it is hard to determine which of these *Meats* ought to be allowed the Favour of entring first; this verifies the saying: That well cooked Meats invite the *Stomach*.

SOBRIETY. You make them say and do as you please. Seeing you covet them, you are before-hand with them, and before they present themselves to the Mouth, the Eyes have already made Way for them to the *Stomach*.

STOMACH. That may be; though I am not always in a Condition to admit of all that the Eyes covet.

SOBRIETY. For my Part, I cannot comprehend how so much *Victuals* can find Room in so small a Place.

STOMACH. It would not be without Difficulty, were they not ushered in by a ravishing Steam which the Smell devours; and if they came not afterwards armed at Sharps, with Lemons and Oranges, seconded by the Acrimony of Salt, and Fire of Spices; being in that Equipage, you see how easy it is for them to force all that stands in their Way, either to give Place, or to fly for it.

CONVERSATION IV. 25

SOBRIETY. I very well conceive, that the last Counters chase the former; but seeing that is not done in an Instant, how do you reconcile the roast with the raw, the burning hot with the Ice-cold, the Pepper with the Sugar? for it is impossible so many different Guests can agree well together.

STOMACH. Nothing more true, these different Aliments brought from opposite Climates, and contrary Elements, impatiently suffer the Constraint to which they are reduced. Judge then, what Torment I am in, when that grows to excess, as it happens almost daily, because the Laws of the Table slight all my Grievances.

SOBRIETY. In the Manner you speak, I fancy I see within you an Army of different Nations, more inclined to Mutiny and Revolt, than to do you any good Service.

STOMACH. You say well, but were I in that sad Condition, to compare myself to any Thing, it should be to *Cleopatra's* Boat, after a bloody Battle, because all those different Persons you speak of, pour in upon me, maimed, torn, halbt, and cut, having endured all the Rigour of Fire and Sword.

SOBRIETY. Does not Drink make them Friends?

STOMACH. Not altogether, though all of them earnestly desire to be moistned, and look upon Drink as the Solace of their Pains. Thence it is that the more one drinks, the more one desires to drink.

SOBRIETY. Whence comes that greedy Desire of drinking without Thirst, since the Debauches of old, would not have *Bacchus* go without his Nymph, what does one get by being drunk?

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STOMACH.

VI. HEALTH RESTOR'D, &c.

STOMACH. Why, it's because no Drink but that which intoxicates, can ease the Troubles and Miseries of Life: And though Wine does not wholly dissipate the Anxieties of this miserable Life, yet it suspends them at least: for if Wine discharges not the Debtor, it gives him a Letter of License: May it is even so insolent as to set upon Reason and vanquish her: And of its own plenary Power without Commission, enslaves the Master and sets the Slave free.

SOBRIETY. Wine, by what you say, is a Sword in the Hand of a mad Man.

STOMACH. It is nevertheless a sure Means to discover Mens Tempers, and to pump out the Secrets of the Heart.

SOBRIETY. Wine ought to be either prohibited, or reduced within the Bounds of Cheerfulness and Pleasure.

STOMACH. ~~Wine~~ We so well satisfied of the Truth of what you say of the Fury of Wine, and the Moderation there ought to be observed in it, that it is put into the keeping of the Servants, during the Time of Meal, with Orders not to fill a Glass unless it be call'd for, inasmuch that there is no Excess committed so long as the Masters keep themselves within the Bounds of Modesty or Shame, and the Lacquies by Obedience and Fear: but though Wine be served with so much Circumspection, it is not so with the Mushrooms, Gaviare, Botargo, and Balania Sausages, with Tarts, Creams, Custards, and in general, all that the Season affords to delight or tickle the Palate with.

SOBRIETY. Why don't they banish from the Table all Superfluity, and furnish it only with what Necessity requires.

STOMACH.

CONVERSATION IV. 2

STOMACH. They are so far from rejecting what offers, that they find out Things which ought never to be served up, as Shallot, Rocambole, and mouldy stinking rotten old Cheese, that offends the Smell, and pleases Nothing but a jaded and stupified Palate.

SOBRIETY. It's a Thing I cannot conceive, how you can distinguish one Thing from another, in the Disorder and Confusion they are forc'd on you, and what Course you can take in that deplorable Condition, for your Ease and Comfort.

STOMACH. I have instantly Recourse to Rose-water and other delicious Waters, that are served up with the Fruit, the Humidity and Cold wherof temper and allay the Heat of the Wine, and the Fire of the Spices. I sip also of Citron Water, or some other pleasant Cordial, which bringing up the Rear, forces the Stragglers to double their Pace; but seeing these Amusements rather soften and qualify the Bvls than cure it, there is a Necessity of using more powerful Remedies, viz. Tea &c. which piercing through that great Body of Meat, breaks, dissolves and hurries it away into those Places where I pretend to take up Cognizance.

SOBRIETY. What, don't you fear to precipitate your Digestion?

STOMACH. No, I cannot moisten them too soon, nor too warmly nor even too abundantly; for the most liquid of my Cargo passing through at first, I have often found by Experience, that if I moisten not with these hot Drinks, the rest remains in a Manner stranded, as a Ship upon the Sand, at low Water.

SOBRIETY. When that happens, why don't you expect the next Tide, to get your Vessel a Float again?

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STOMACH. Oh: this would be too long for me to suffer; for that heavy and undigested Mass, which I devoured to stay my craving Hunger, one may still hear the bellowing of the Ox, and the grunting of the Pig, these Bodies never being so divided but they still retain some Qualities of their last Specification.

SOBRIETY. And at that Noise, do not your Neighbours come to your Assistance?

STOMACH. Yes, they do, and especially the *Liver*; but if through Weakness or any other Accident, he performs not all he ought on my Account, then the *Gall* or *Spleen* supply his Defect; after all I must confess that in my greatest Oppression, the *Heart*, of all others, is the readiest to procure me Ease.

SOBRIETY. Can it be taken amiss, that knowing all these Disorders, I avoid junketting where *Health* is in greater Danger, than the torlorn Hope in the Day of Battle: These Relations fill me with Horror; However I excuse what you have alledged; for it is natural when one is hungry to speak of good Cheer. I am therefore more than ever confirmed in my Maxims, and once again I beg of you to take no more to Day.

STOMACH. I could not have believ'd I should so easily have obeyed you, when urged to the contrary daily by Parasites that eat at my Table; but now I have dismiss'd them, I am satisfied; and perceive it is more by Custom than Necessity, that People eat to Excess.



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CONVERSATION VI. 29

CONVERSATION V.

Between PREJUDICE and SOBRIETY.

SOBRIETY I'M either mistaken, or there comes
our Enemy; let all be upon their
Guard.

PREJUDICE. What, have you the Insolence to take
upon you to act as Sovereign? you wretched Spawn
of Fasting and Abstinence, that neither dares Eat nor
Drink but by Weight and Measure; do you assume
a Power to give Laws where I come?

SOBRIETY. Why who are you?

PREJUDICE. Who am I? it is sufficient I have Au-
thority from *Reason*, to oblige you to acknowledge
and obey me.

SOBRIETY. I make it my Honour to acknowledge
and obey *Reason*; but if she has invested you with
her Authority, give me a Proof of it, by ordaining
in Favour of a Body overcharged, a Suspension of
strong Food, and much *Physick*; for that in the Sequel,
cannot but produce good Effects: In the first
Place——

PREJUDICE. In the first Place, hold your Peace;
or get you gone; I neither love Speeches nor Speech-
makers. Hoa there! *Appetite* awake, *Senses* bestir
your selves, and *Body* prepare every Part for a luxu-
rious Meal.

SOBRIETY. Nay, say rather, prepare for Death.

PREJUDICE.

PREJUDICE. What, do I hear thee still, walking *Shelton*, do you forget you have been banished out of all such Houses as this, where Joy and Wealth abound? get hence, or I'll send you packing with a Volley of Glass Bottles about your Ears. None but such as thou art, who lead'st a wretched Life, ought to think on Death: Learn to severance and honour *Reason* in my Person.

SORRERY. You may have the Power, but you want the Language of *Reason*, or you may make her act the Part of Gluttony and Drunkenness.

PASSION. What, won't you hold your Peace yet?

SORRERY. No; on the contrary, listen rather to me, than to *Intemperance* that poisons your Ears. Consider how little *Health* we have remaining, and therefore put us not in danger of losing that. It is impossible to reconcile voluptuous Irregularity with sound *Health*.

PREJUDICE. It is in vain for you to hold forth here: no body will hear you. It is my Pleasure, that forthwith, nay instantly, the *Stomach* prepare itself with these nourishing Broths, and the *Palate* may delight herself with these various Dishes and delicious Wines. Courage! my Senses, these exquisite Delicacies are so many Sacrifices which I consecrate to your Desires.

SORRERY. Had you to do with a Child whose Nurse you were, I should not think it strange, if you made it your Business to train it with Meat, that so you might have time to take your Pleasure whilst it slept. But what can *Reason* do in a Body overcharged with Meat and Drink?

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PARJENSEN. She triumphs over our mortal *Emptyness*.

SORRIETY. Strange Depravation! the Consequences of this must be prevented, if it be possible; I have taken care for all.

PREJUDICE. Whence is it that no body obeys me? Why does the *Stomach* resist my Orders? and what can have made the *Heart* rise against *Victuals*?

SORRIETY. That's well.

PREJUDICE. Send for a *Physician* quickly; call an *Apothecary*, we must prevent the Distemper. There are the fine Effects of the ridiculous Sufficiency of *Sobriety*.

SORRIETY. You may speak as ill of me as you please, but why must this poor *Body*, having by a *Miracle* escaped out of the Hands of the Cook and Butler, be now delivered up to the *Doctor* and *Apothecary*? Do you think it is with *Life*, as with a *Torrent*, which as soon as it gets over a *Precipice* scatters and loses it self by its *Diffusion*?

PARJENSEN. If your Word was to be taken, I should be like one of your *Rope-dancers* without a *Pole*, that cannot make one *Step* without being in *Danger* of breaking his *Neck*. I renounce all these *Circumspections*; a short and sweet *Life* is better, than, like *Fantals*, to languish without eating and drinking, in the midst of *Plenty* and *Abundance*.

SORRIETY. However, they that Sup with me have no *Head-ach* the next *Morning*. You cannot go out of the right *Path* without *Danger*. It is not my *Design* to deprive the *Body* of *Food*, but to put it in the *Way* how to make a right *Use* of it; for I am not ignorant that there is as much or more *Danger* in long fasting, than in much eating; *Reason* taught me these *Maxims*,

Mexims, at that Time when she put the *Appetite* under my Government.

PREJUDICE. That Time is past: *Reason* was then well served, now-a-days she is betrayed; but soon or late she'll revenge herself: for being Mistress of the *Head*, she will reduce the Rebels when she has a mind to it, and perhaps sooner than they think, to a true animal Way of Living.

SOBRIETY. In good time be it so, we'll willingly submit; and are so far from looking on that as an Injury, that we accept of it as a Favour. Nay, I can assure you, that we desire nothing more than that *Reason* were always in the *Head*; for we shall thereby better dispose all that is necessary for the Organs of *Reason*; and it shall be none of our Fault, if she discharge not her Functions with Pleasure.

PREJUDICE. You have the wrong Sow by the Ear, if we mutually retrench ourselves in the *Head*; never fear it, we shall caution ourselves against the Rheums and Distillations that might overwhelm us in this Redoubt: and if *Betony* be not sufficient to guard us against them, we shall leave recourse to *Tobacco*, nay to *Euphorbium*. In a word, we shall leave no Means untry'd to secure us from your Attempts.

SOBRIETY. Do you consider well what you say? your needless Precautions move me to Pity. To avoid a natural Dependence that hath no bad Consequence, you are running into mortal Slavery, which will drag you through a thousand Corruptions into Horrors that I dare not name.

PREJUDICE. I scorn your Prognostication.

SOBRIETY. You'll not scorn them long; for do not imagine that *Nature* will suffer you to pollute the

Seat of her Empire, by a shameful Commerce you intend to have with those Drugs.

PREJUDICE. You talk very expert and pertinent; like enough, it's to you, *Nature* reveals her secret Intentions.

SOBRIETY. I have Knowledge sufficient to acquaint you, that *Nature* has intended to place *Reason* there, where she should be neither hot nor cold, neither dry nor moist, but that all these Qualities should meet, without Predominance of one above another. Now, if you pretend to trouble that Disposition, I declare, in the Name of *Nature*, and all the Parts of the *Body*, they'll employ all their Forces to hinder it; and so long as they have one Drop of Humidity, they'll make it ascend from the *Heel* to the *Head*, rather than fail to purify it from your destructive Schemes.

PREJUDICE. There is nothing that I more passionately desire, than to see her make that Career. As it is my whole Business to drain the Water out of the *Body*, if I can but compass my Ends by the Vertue of Tobacco, we shall see what *Nature* will do to get more.

SOBRIETY. Know then, that there is nothing impossible to *Nature*, when she endeavours our Preservation. Inward Impediments interrupt the Course of our *Health* often in the Reparation thereof; if *Nature* stands in Need of Water or Air, she calls for it; if denied, she converts the Food we take, into what's proper for her. If the malignant Humour be in any Part of the *Body*, where the Air, the Humidity and ordinary Transpiration are not effectual enough, *Nature* forces these Impurities to muster together in some Place, where being wisely disposed and ripened, the same *Nature* commands the Skin to open a Passage by
F which

which they are expell'd. And this is the Way she delivers us from bad Humours, in what Region soever of the *Body* they occur.

PREJUDICE. Well then! let's imitate *Nature*. Come dear Tobacco, come, and by reiterated Sneezings, open a Passage to the Torrent of Defluxions, where-with they would drown the Brain; Delightful Weed! is there any life without thee? And were it not for thee, could our *Life* be happy?

SOBRIETY. That Course you take does not ease but destroy the *Body*. It's a changing the Order of *Nature*, to void the Excrements by the *Mouth* and *Nose*, which never was intended by her: And having given you this Advice, I have no more to say; but remember, if any bad Accident happens, which I do but too certainly foresee, you alone must answer for it.

PREJUDICE. All in good Time.

SOBRIETY. Farewell. I'll take with me what remains of *Health* and Chearfulness, with the Approbation of Men of Sense; and leave you nothing but that Nastiness and Stink, the Aversion of Civil People. You'll regret the Want of us when we are gone; for the Value of a good Thing is not known, till it once is lost.



CONVERSATION VI.

PREJUDICE *uses all her Endeavours, to take off the STOMACH and the HEART from the Party of SOBRIETY.*

PREJUDICE. *The HEART. The STOMACH.*

PREJ. **T**ELL me I pray, both of you, what's the Meaning, why you don't obey the Orders of *Reason*? Have you forgot what she hath done for you? Answer me plainly.

HEART. Since I never dissemble, I'll tell you frankly, that we have no Cause to brag of the Conduct of *Reason*, since she hath given herself over to the Excesses of the *Mouth* and *Physick*.

PREJUDICE. *Physick* is not the Point in hand, though both of you stand much in Need of it: the Question is, what Ground ye have to refuse your Victuals? Is it that the *Stomach* pretends to digest no more, that it may give Cause to those, who wait for its Concoctions or Digestions, to put all into Trouble and Confusion?

STOMACH. Do you think the *Stomach* to be like a Market, which is only valued according to the Quantities of Goods that are carried thither and brought from thence?

HEART. Has Abstinence made us neglect our Functions, or to fail in the Performance of our Duty?

PREJUDICE. No : but both of you set about them so fairly, that if you persist a little longer in your Carelessness, I will not give much for your Life. Is this the way to set the *Belly* and *Reins* to right, which for so long a Time have done nothing without the Help of *Physick*; what can the *Stomach* say to that ?

STOMACH. I blame my self for nothing, but that I was too late in setting your Irregularities, you have made but bad use of your Authority, and you are the Cause of debauching the *Appetite*, and rendring that blind Buzzard independant of the *Heart* and me, which ought to have been obedient to our Orders.

PREJUDICE. Speak more civilly of the *Appetite*, for without it, what do you think would become of you?

STOMACH. For my Share, I pay very dear for the Effects of his Fickleness and Inconstancy : is he mad for some new Object? hardly hath he touched it, but that he forsakes it for another ; in the mean Time I bear the Burthen of all.

PREJUDICE. You are bold in daring to controul his Actions, he is not to give an Account to you ; but you are to give me an Account of yours : Answer then precisely to what I shall ask.

STOMACH. I know no Obligation that lies upon me to you, nay nor *Reason* herself ; when she rambles out of the Maxims of *Nature*, and acts not according to her Orders. So that, look to it, it is *Reason* and you that are in the Fault, and not I. For satisfying that unruly *Appetite*, which you foolishly justify, you have made me devour and consume more Meat within these ten Years, than would have served a sober Man for a whole Age ; and as often as I have shew'd any Reluctancy against that Excess, presently I must be condemned to *Physick*. PRE-

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PREJUDICE. How many Falſities, do you bring to my Charge?

STOMACH. Nay, it is but too true, that I have taken ſo many Medicines, and in ſo many different Ways, that it's a Miracle they did not kill me. For there is not a Receipt in all the Diſpenſatory, that to woful Experience has not been apply'd upon me; and as if it were not enough for me to loſe the glorious Title of being Martyr to the *Body*; but have been a thouſand Times drenched and choaked with bitter Draughts, and as often let *Blood*; they have glutted us in Summer with hot Water, and in the Winter with Cold. They have ———

PREJUDICE. They have ordered nothing for you in thoſe two Seasons, but upon very good Indications: Would you have ſuch knowing and diſinterreſted Men as *Physicians* are, ſee ones *Health* in danger, and not reach it a Hand; that civil and officious Way of acting hath by my Means ſo wrought upon *Reason*, that it hath conquered that natural Averſion, which till then, ſhe always had for *Physick*.

HEART. How can it be that *Reason* hath had ſo great an Averſion to *Physick*, and yet has ſacrificed us to *Physicians*?

PREJUDICE. Had it not been for me, ſhe had hardly reſolved upon it, for in her own *Nature* ſhe is very irrefolute: and you know that Irreſolution is not a Diſeaſe to be cured by Age.

HEART. To be cured of that, the beſt Remedy is Experience; and indeed few are made Wiſe by the Experience of Others.

PREJUDICE. Of what Uſe can Experiments be, when two Things never happen together one and the

the same Way? What hurt us Yesterday, does good to Day. One Thing is *Healthful* in Infancy, which in old Age is mortal; every Thing in this World is singular: So that Consequences drawn from the Past, signify nothing to the Future.

HEART: These Experiments however, are less faulty than Conjectures, because one may far better judge of a Distemper by the Effect of a Remedy, than of Diseases by their Causes, which are unknown to us.

PREJUDICE. I see what you drive at; all that an able *Physician* says, tho' founded on good Sense, and constant Practice, is with you no more than a Remedy prescribed at a Venture, and prepared by a Block-head; from which one can promise himself nothing but present Pain and certain Death. Whereas, if you may be credited, an odd Receipt, given by the first we meet, is in your Opinion an infallible Specifick and universal Remedy: But these ordinary Specificks and universal *Doctors*, are much like a Flash of Lightning in a dark Night, which having given us a Glance of Objects, leaves in us a greater Obscurity than before.

HEART. Do not take me up before I am down, I can make good what I say without your Help; know then, that by the Word Experience or Experiment, I only mean natural and agreeable Ways of living, which are followed by whole Nations, and that too, successfully.

PREJUDICE. That is to say, that according to these Aphorisms, you would in the Morning drink Coffee with the *Turks*, and with the *Chinese* Tea after Dinner, Chocolate in the Evening with the *Mexicans*, and Wine all the rest of the Day with some People of *Europe*.

HEART

HEART. Why don't you add to compleat the round of the known World, that I would drink Milk with the *Tartars* and *Africans*, Mead with the *Muscovites*, and Sherbet with the *Turks*; but since it is not necessary for one Man to make Use of all the Productions of *Nature*, nor of all the Improvements of Art, it is enough that every one in particular make some little Experiment, that agrees with himself; there is nothing more than that: For it is not with the *Stomach*, as with a Painter's Palet, which ought to be furnished with all the chief Colours, if they design'd to represent all Sorts of Objects to the Life; seeing of one simple Kind of Food, *Nature* maketh Fleth and Bones, and paints the Lillies and Roses of the Complexion; as well as the *Or* and *Azure* of the Eyes and Hair.

PREJUDICE. These poetical Flourishes are wide off the Subject. The Question is to know, if that be the Way to reduce the *Stomach* to the Animal Life which you affect, by making it renounce all the Preparations of Art, and only receive from the Hands of *Nature* Herbs and raw Meat, and eat Rice and Corn as they come out of the Ear.

STOMACH. In the sad State to which my Constitution, (that was once very good) is now reduced, I could not without Difficulty leap from one Extremity to another; but yet allowing some easy Qualification, I could with Pleasure take the Part of *Nature*; for the most simple Food is easiest to be found, and soonest digested: To what End such Massacres of Oxen, Sheep, Fowl, and wild Beasts, that Croud of Officers, that Number of Engines and Dresses to disguise them in a Thousand Shapes? when our Gardens furnish us with Strawberries, Melons, Figs, and Grapes: However I am still perswaded, that
one

one may keep his *Health*, tho' he taste of all very well, and yet not surfeit on any.

HEART. I should be of the same Opinion, provided they would not oblige us to take *Physick*, and would suffer us to renounce Pilsan, Barley-water, &c.

PREJUDICE. *Physick* is both wrong, in this groundless Aversion you have to *Physick*: Reason won't learn of you the Way to live, and if she have Occasion to change her Course, she'll consult those who are more knowing and less headstrong.

HEART. So long as *Reason* acts by your Whimsies, she'll never bring us to a Reconciliation; that is too weighty an Affair to be managed by so light a Head as yours is.

PREJUDICE. As light as it is, if the *Intestines* will be perswaded by me, it shall not be long before you repent of having offended me.



CONVERSATION VII.

PREJUDICE *proposes to the* **INTESTINES** *to enter into a Combination against the Party of the* **HEART.**

PREJUDICE. *The* **INTESTINES.**

PREJ. **Y** E are very still and quiet below there, my Masters, don't you fear this Calm will be attended with a sudden Storm?

INTESTINES. What, are the three Orders of Medicine at a Consultation above then?

PRE-

CONVERSATION VII. 41

PREJ. You have hit it, and it is already concluded, to make you in the first Place serve for the Funnel of a Chimney; for that End they are enjoyning the *Mouth* and *Lungs* to fill you with the * *Smoak* of Tobacco, and if that don't work, the Fear that it will put you in, will make you purge at least.

INTEST. You are about to tell me a Tale of a † *Stork*; Who ever heard of the *Guts* with a Glyster of *Smoak*?

PREJUD. It will be well for you, if you escape so; there are other great Matters contriving.

INTEST. What can befall us worse?

PREJUD. What, have ye not as yet perceived, that the *Heart* and *Stomach* are revolted against *Reason*, with a Design to render themselves Masters of the *Body*, that they may govern it according to their *Fancy*?

INTEST. You mean that *Manifesto* that was published some Years ago, with the Title of || *The Complaints and Reproaches of the Stomach*.

PREJUD. No, no, this is a new War, and of far greater Consequence, than that you speak of.

INTEST. It's then that other, called *Every Man his own Physician*, or to say better, *Every Man his own Murderer*, since that ventures upon *Physick*, as well as the College.

PREJUD. You think you know every Thing, and you know just nothing at all: These two Books, I

* An *English* Glyster.

† It's said this Bird gives itself Glysters, and therefore the College of *Physicians* at *Paris* give three of them in their Arms.

|| *Ventriculi Querela & Opprobria.*

tell you, are not the Question in hand, but the Revolt of the *Heart* and *Stomach* against *Reason*.

INTEST. What, do they complain that they have not *Victuals* enough?

PREJUD. No; on the contrary, they complain they have too much, and that's what few in this Age quarrel with: Useless, if they go on as they have begun, they in a little Time, will be no more than a walking Statue.

INTEST. What will they get by starving the *Body*? They'll be the first that suffer. There must be *more* or *less* in this Matter; to judge well of it, we must give them a Hearing.

PREJUD. Were they both here to speak for themselves, they would but confirm you, that they are entered into a League with *Sobriety* and *Patience*, to turn *Appetite* out of his Place, and to discharge the *Mouth* to take any Thing without express Orders from them; nay, they are grown so insolent as to publish, that whoever will joyn with them in the Cause, shall have *Health Restor'd* him for a Reward. Consider how extravagant they are, to promise what they have not: And indeed, they had as good say nothing, as to tell us, that they have the *Heart* upon the *Lips*, and that they speak with an open *Heart*, but few will believe them upon their Word.

INTEST. A strange Disorder indeed, and may be of dangerous Consequence.

PREJUD. There is not the least Danger for you, however, though our Enemies were even become Masters of the *Mouth*; for *Physicians* are not without Expedients to make the *Body* subsist without it.

INTEST. How without the *Mouth*?

CONVERSATION VII. 43

PREJUD. Yes, without the *Mouth*; for by the Help of the Smell alone they can make us live like Gods, upon the Scent and Steam of Perfumes and Sacrifices.

INTEST. That may do for those that live on Smoak; but it must be somewhat more solid, that will do our Business.

PREJUD. Besides that Exp[er]ience the Faculty hath also the *Navel* and Pores of *Skin*, for putting Relief into the Place on all Sides, by Way of *Humectations*, *Frictions*, *Epithems*, and *Imbrocations*; and though all these should fail, you know, she has the Command of a Passage, by which she can send in Provisions for a long Siege; and you are not ignorant, that the *Body* may be fed by as many Avenues, as it is purged.

INTEST. All that you say is but a Tale of a Tub. There is nothing that does the *Body* Good, but what the *Stomach* receives by the *Mouth*: But do not you admire, how brisk and quick these grave *Doctors* are upon the Matter? Hardly is the War declared, but they begin to talk of coming to Extremities. We therefore conclude, that if the *Heart* and *Stomach* require no more of us, but a little Fasting, and will give us now and then somewhat to keep us from being idle, we are resolved to be on their Side.

PREJUD. What, do you think that ye can hold out long, without solid Food three Times a Day, and that plentifully too?

INTEST. There is nothing more common for Beasts of Prey, such as we are, than to spend whole Days without eating.

PREJUD. A very honourable Thing indeed, for a River of a long Course to run dry.

INTEST. To run dry is not the Thing that troubles us; if they were not more disturbed above, than we are here below, we should not have the violent Tides of the Ebbs and Flowings of the Ocean of Medicine to stem twice a Day, which much interrupts the Course of our Navigation.

PREJUD. And are these the Thanks that are due for the Refreshment you? You set up for Informers upon Account of the Commerce ye have with the *Mesentery*, by Means of a great many little Vessels; but we'll soon see, if with Pinch-gut you can make as much Noise, as with full Allowance.

INTEST. You are too happy aloft, if ye knew it, that we carry so fair with your Irregularities; and that, by our continual Application to separate the Pure from the Impure, we lay up Store for your Plumpness, and the fresh Colours that beautify your Complexion.

PREJUD. If you do us a great Kindness that Way, we are not unthankful for it; for there are but few now-a-days, but make a God of their Belly.

INTEST. If upon that Consideration you have offered us any Sacrifice, it is you that have the Pleasure, and we the Pain; nay, you have found it to be so, for we have not suffered without much Grumbling.

PREJUD. Don't repine at your Condition; there is none amongst us more to be envied; your Dominion reaches from one End to the other of our Empire; you command the Inlets, and most frequent Outlets of the Kingdom; the whole Members of the State labour for you, so that in Justice and Gratitude, you ought to declare in Favour of *Reason*, whom I represent. The *Reins*, *Liver*, *Pancreas*, and many Others

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Others are on our Side; and we have already, according to the Opinion of the Ancients, acknowledged the *Liver* for the Original of the *Blood*, and by Consequence, of Life; insomuch that it hath been resolved, that in that Quality he shall bear Rule over the *Body*, next and immediately under *Reason*.

INTEST. It's not the first Time the *Log* has been made a King.

PREJUD. That *Log*, however, will not suffer a Contempt from the *Frogs*; since Punishment and Reward are the great Hinges, on which the most flourishing States turn, the *Liver* has resolved to feed and water the Parts that discharge their Functions well, with pure *Blood*, and pour out upon the Lazy and the Rebels the Fury of his Choler, which is a terrible Thunderbolt *Nature* hath put into his Hands.

INTEST. What will become of the *Heart* in the mean Time?

PREJUDICE. We'll keep him to his old Task of labouring Night and Day, to rack the *Blood* as Vintners do Wine, pouring it out of one Vessel into another.

INTESTINES. Confess the Truth, there is a great deal of Gall in your Party; and you'll be sensible e're it be long that your General uses mortal Rigours.

PREJUDICE. And is the *Heart* without them? that's a Thing in a Manner, inseparable from Government. If the *Heart* hath no Gall, he hath his Melancholy and Anxieties, which are full as bad. Delay no longer then, to lift yourself for the *Good old Cause*; if you make but the least Hesitation ye are undone.

INTES.

INTESTINES. We are not afraid of you ; all that we can do for you is (like the *Dutch*) to stand *Neuter*, giving free Passage to both Parties ; if you expect more of us, we declare that we'll stick by the *Heart*, who labours Day and Night to animate and cherish all our Low-Countries.

PREJUDICE. I know the *Heart* better than you do : He is a *Glutton*, who trusting to the advantageous Post wherein *Nature* has placed him, thinks he may from thence huff and threaten all the World ; for do but scratch or prick him he is dead ; say but an angry Word to him and he is all in a Rage ; let him but see his own *Blood* and he Faints ; and if he passes his usual Hour of Eating, he falls into Fits ; the least Surprize puts him into a Palpitation ; has he a mind to any Thing, he puts all into trouble and Confusion, without listening to *Reason*, and even then too when he has not the least Cause of complaining, nay quite forgetting himself either gluts his brutish Appetite, to the ruin of the *Body*, or he gives himself over as a Prey to his own Passions, which rend and consume him ; in fine he is a Fool, and so great an Enemy to Repose, that he'll neither rest himself, nor suffer others to do so, and has so many odd capricious Freaks, that to teach him better Manners, we'll have him as well as the *Stomach* to submit to the *Liver*.

INTEST. You think you have said Wonders now, but to be free with you, you are neither Pleasant enough to make us Merry, nor Learned enough to make us change our Opinions.

PREJ. If I have not Rhetorick enough to persuade, I have Power to make me be obeyed : With the Rabble, Force must stand in the stead of Eloquence ; resolve then instantly to follow the Parry I propose,

propose, or I'll use you like miserable crawling Insects, whose * vermiculary Motions, I know how to put a stop to, whenever I think fit.

INTEST. We fear you not, we are † six Brothers, invincible because inseparable.

PREJUD. Is not this Insolence in the Dregs of the People, to be wondred at? It will be long before I see you reduced to a *Miserere*; but they are so Sullen and Hypochondriacal that they strangle themselves.

INTEST. If we strangle ourselves, you'll suffer as much as we; and as to the positive Resolution you Demand, know, that you being on one side, is enough to make us of the other.

PREJUD. Ye imagine that it will be mighty convenient for you to have your Channels contracted, and Sluices made in them, because you fancy you'll have the Liberty to open and shut them when you have a mind; but deceive not yourselves, ye can never pass these Bars, whatever Abstinence and Diet may promise you, without the Assistance of the Faculty; therefore pause no longer, but speedily join Interest with her; ye know that she hath always looked upon you as the Basis and Foundation of her Art; if ye refuse, she'll rather suffer you to burst a Thousand times, than to give you a Minutes Ease.

INTEST. What can she do to us in time of open War, when she uses Fire and Sword against us in the midst of secure Peace, therefore for both your Threatnings, there's a F---t for ye.

PREJUD. What! do ye grumble, and have ye the Insolence to mock the Thunder? I wonder no more

* The Guts move like Earth-Worms.

† There are six Guts joined to one another.

more that you are in bad Odure in the World, but it will be to little Purpose for you to hide yourselves, we know how to find you out in the Obscurity of your lurking Holes, and we shall see how you'll behave yourselves at sight of Cannon, and when the Petard is fastened to the Gate.



CONVERSATION VIII.

PREJUDICE *is supposed to be coming out of the House of a Physician, and at the Door she says to him:*

PREJUDICE. PATIENCE.

PREJUD. **Y**OU may rely upon me; all shall be punctually done according as you have ordered, but fail not to come to Morrow Morning and see the Effects of what you have promised me, in the mean time accept of this Token of my Gratitude. Ha! what shut the Door as soon as ever he fingred the Money; well my Comfort is, he has put something in my Hands to revenge me of my Enemies. But here comes *Patience*; we must carry it as if she were on our Side, for fear she escape us.

PATIENCE. You go in great Haste, pray tell me, whither do you run? Who presses you?

PREJUD. Not you, nor any of your slow Family, who would have every Body go like a Tortoise.

PATIENCE. But, pray, what Paper is that you hug in your Bosom, with so much Gladness?

PREJUD.

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PREJUD. It's a Paper of great Virtue, for it's going to restore the lost *Appetite* and Vigour of a sick Person that is in a desperate Condition, and, in short, to bring one from Death to Life again, who at present has neither *Hands* nor *Feet* to help himself. If you are not satisfied, read it.

PATIENCE. That's sooner said than done; Ha! What is this? The oddest Kind of Writing, and most extravagant Hieroglyphicks that I ever saw; there must be something of the *Black Art*, sure, in this; it's a Charm or Spell, and if it produce the Effect you expect from it, the Devil must be in it. I cannot persuade myself, that it is the Hand-Writing of a Man in his Senses.

PREJUD. And yet it is the Writing of so wise a Man, that he deserves to be adored.

PATIENCE. Pray, what is there in him, that is adorable?

PREJUD. Can there be any Thing more divine, than by the Means of this Bill, to see five or six Speclticks made up into a little Pill, which without Nauseousness, entering into the *Stomach*, begin their Work by quenching a burning Heat, which by Intervals send up thicker Smoak and Vapours than a Glass-house? Having scoured, and well corroborated the *Ventricle*, they march out and divide themselves, some this Way, some that Way, for putting their different Orders in Execution. One of them joins the *Chyle*, and following it through its long Windings and Meanders, accompanies it along the milky *Veins*, till it arrive at the *Heart*, which it comforts and refreshes so benignly, that the Circulation thereby is rendered more quick, and better: Coming out from thence, it divides itself into an infinite Number of Particles,

* *The Stomach.*

H

and

and following the Fortune of the *Arteries*, it leaves behind it, to the Disposition of the *Glandules*, all the Serofities, from which it hath purified the *Blood*. This being done, it re-joins the *Brain*, where it refines the *Blood* in such a Manner, that it transforms the same into a nervous Juice, and then the Animal Spirits, which dissipate and drive away those Mists that cause *Vertiges* and *Deliriums*. In the mean Time, the other Specificks are not asleep; one takes the Charge of emptying the *Gall*, and leaves no more Choier in it, than what is enough from *Hand* to *Mouth*, to serve for Ferment and Vehicle for the March of Aliments. From thence it passes through the Lobes of the *Liver*, where it visits and repairs the *Percolatoreis* and *Strainers* of the *Blood*; in the Neighbourhood of this, one resolutely makes Head against the *Mesentery*, there to quench another Fire composed of Sulphur and Pitch, the Malignity whereof makes People *Hypochondriacal*. Another labours in cleansing the *Spleen*, and allaying its Humours, dextrously facilitating the Course of the *Pancreatick* Juice, which had been corrupted by an inveterate Obstruction. Having thus all of them with Emulation forced the gross Humours to Flight by the common Road of the *Guts*, and thereby subdued the *Intemperaries* of the *Intraills*, they muster altogether in the Region of the *Reins*: But before they enter them, they sport a little in draining the *Atrabiliari-ous Capsules* of a melancholy Humour. In fine, traversing the *Reins*, where they leave not the least Impurity, by the Way of the *Uraters* they descend into the *Bladder*, from whence they victoriously sally forth in a full Stream, leading with them in Triumph, whatever opposed the Course of their Victory.

PATIENCE. What a deal of Ground have you beat, and how many Discoveries have you made? How skillful
are

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are you in the Geography of the little World? And how nobly do you relate the Exploits of your Heroes? Nevertheless, none but *Patience* could have heard so many Absurdities, without interrupting you. Is it possible, that one can invent such gross Fables, and dare to give them out for Truths?

PREJUD. I say nothing but what I know to be true, having seen it a hundred Times; you ought therefore to believe me.

PATIENCE. Since you are so very serious in your Answer, I must be so too. I suppose that, for attaining to the Knowledge you brag of, you have, with singular Application, dissected, in Presence of your *Doctors*, a great Number of dead *Bodies*, and living Creatures; What have you discovered in all that Labour? The Situation and Conformity of the most apparent Parts: What have you learnt by seeing them? The simple Letters of the Alphabet of a true Anatomy; By Consequence, you are very far from being able to understand any Thing in the Book of the *Body* of Man, For the Proof of this, open that Book in what Part you please, and you'll find, that *Nature*, who hath composed it, divides and subdivides itself at first into so many little Particles and so imperceptible, that they immediately escape the nimblest fingers, and most piercing Sight: So that your adorable *Doctors* ought to be tossed in a Blanket, if they maintain, that one can attain to a certain Knowledge of Things by Means of those minute Particles.

PREJUD. We don't talk of Anatomy, but of *Specificks*, of whose Virtues and Effects I boast, because I know them.

PATIENCE. How can you know the Nature of *Specificks*, when your *Doctors* know not to this Day, why *Sena* purges *Choler*, or *Chervill* purifies the Blood?

But suppose you knew the Virtue of *Simples* and *Drugs*, Who hath assured you, that when they are mixed and blended together, their different Virtues do not destroy one another? And though they should not destroy one another in the Pill, what is it that separates and disentangles them in the *Stomach*? Who guides them into the different Regions of the *Body*, where the Faculty hath assigned them their Province, whether you follow them Step by Step, and from whence you return with them in Triumph?

PREJUD. You would not start so many Difficulties, if you knew as well as I do, that *Nature* does with extream Joy receive all that her dear Daughter the Faculty sends her. It is that good Mother who releases the *Specificks* from the Constraint, to which the narrow Passage of the *Heart* had reduced them, and sets them at Liberty to produce their several Effects, as I have just now told you.

PATIENCE. I imagined, that having found you so serious before, you would not have spoken any Thing more but what was real and solid; nevertheless you relapse again in the Romance, not to say the Foppery of Medicine: Have you forgot that it is the Part of an able *Physician* to assist *Nature*, and not of *Nature* to second the Whimsies and Caprices of an Ignorant? He that would be of your Opinion, must renounce common Sense, and confess that *Nature* dotes.

PREJUD. I shall not examine whether *Nature* dote or not; but I maintain that *Physicians* are never out in the Proceedings they have with her.

PATIENCE. How could your Masters have fully instructed you in all those Particularities of *Nature*; when they themselves are not as yet certain, whether the *Blood* be made in the *Liver* or in the *Heart*, who

CONVERSATION VIII. 55

call the *Spleen* a useless Part, and who cannot conjecture what can be the Use and Function of the *Pancreas*.

PREJUD. What Matters it, in Effect where the *Blood* be made, and what need we care for knowing the Necessity and Use of the Parts you speak of? It's our Part to look when the House is foul, how we are to set about the cleaning of it. Provided one ease your Shoulders of a Burden, what's that to you, how or by whom it is done; it is enough you are discharged of it.

PATIENCE. Pardon me there; it concerns me very much to know what Course you take to clean my House; for the Furniture must be thrown out at Window with the Filth, as it daily happens to you, and far less with the Burthen, must the *Skin* be pulled off our *Shoulders*, as your pretended Specifick, disguis'd *Physicks* do.

PREJUD. I don't understand what you mean, speak more intelligibly, if you expect an Answer.

PATIENCE. Well, I'll explain myself; take it then thus: No sooner has the *Stomach* Notice that it must take *Physick* to Morrow, but the whole *Body* is seized with Sadness and Horror, so that it enjoys no more Pleasure nor Repose. Is the Hour come when the Cup is to be drunk, hardly hath Reluctancy given a Minute's respite to the *Mouth* to take the *Physick*, but that the *Heart* rise in Favour of the *Stomach*, to deliver it from the same; and when the *Heart* succeeds not, all is in Stir and Commotion, and the *Hiccough* rings the Alarm Bell.

PREJUD. What Stuff is all this.

PATIENCE. In that Trouble and Agitation the good Humours that are irritated, move, and march to

to the Place where the Enemy appears, with Design to stop that Poison at the Fountain Head, and make it turn back the same way it came. But when Vomiting has missed its Blow, and the main *Body* of the Medicine hath unhappily got into the *Guts*, the Humours change their Battery, and drive the *Physick* before them, and pursue it downward with so much Eagerness that most Part of them are lost with it. In the mean Time the *Doctor* accustomed to impose upon *Nature*, tho' he sees by what is done, the Mischief he hath caused; proclaims his *Victory*, while the *Patient* deplores his Losses, though he hath vanquished the Poison.

PREJUD. You talk of Humours and *Physick*, as a blind Man does of Colours.

PATIENCE. However, I know by experience, that *Physick* serves not so much to drive out the bad Humours as to corrupt the Good; for a Purge produces the same Effects in a sound *Body* as in a Sick.

PREJUD. Say whatever you can, I maintain that it is the *Physick* that drives the bad Humours out of the *Body*, and not the good Humours that drive out the *Physick*.

PATIENCE. There is no talking of different Humours, when one hath *Physick* in his *Body*, for it makes them all bad: *Physick* then in the *Body* is like Dust thrown upon a crawling Snail; the poor Creature to deliver itself from that unexpected Obstacle, presently retreats within its Shell, and with the Loss of its Sweat, comes out again delivered from the Impediment that hindered it from continuing its Journey.

PREJUD. You may say what you please, but you cannot deny that *Physick* restores the *Patient* to his lost *Appetite*.

PATI.

CONVERSATION VIII. 15

PATIENCE. If the *Patient* recover his *Appetite*, he is not to thank the *Physick* for that, but *Nature*, which perceiving after the Fight that I was just now describing, that the *Patient's* Forces have been much weakened, orders the *Taste*, the *Smell*, and the *Appetite*, to take whatever shall be offered them, for recruiting with all Expedition, the Losses sustained, that so, what the Poison of the *Physick* hath discomposed, may be instantly put into Order again.

PREJUD. Your Fictions are fully as romantick as mine, and all that can be said is, that such Rebels as you are cannot abide *Physicians*.

PATIENCE. On the contrary, we would have every Man to be his own: But our *Physicians* are not like yours, who make both the foul and fair Weather, in your Diseases. We would have our *Physicians* in all Things, and at all Times, refer themselves to *Nature*, and make it their chief Business to lay up a Stock of Chearfulness and Delight, whereby we might season every Thing: For we neither take nor do any Thing, if there be not somewhat of Content and Satisfaction in it, so that we live, nay, and I dare say, that we dye with Delight. Delight is a Coin that passes as currant with us as it did in the Golden Age: For we esteem Things no otherways but according to the Measure of Delight they afford us. In fine, Delight is a Quintessence without which no Enjoyment of Life seems good to us, and we hold it for a Maxim that Chearfulness and Delight refresh the Mind, encrease the Vigour of *Body*, preserve Youth, and prolong Life.

PREJUD. No *Body* doubts but that Delight and Chearfulness have all the Virtues you name; the Difficulty is only where it is to be had and how prepared.

PATI-

PATIENCE. You may easily believe that it is not to be found at the Druggists, nor prepared in the Shops of Apothecaries; but inform yourself of all the innocent Pleasures that are in the World; in these pure Sources, *Nature* would have us look for Delight, which every one of us according to our Palate should accommodate to our own Necessities.

PREJUD. If your *Health* be not more solid than your *Physick*, you'll be in great Danger when you are Sick, for my Part I'll stick by the Faculty, who governs so well this Machine of Man, that I think it cannot be committed to the Care of better Hands.

PATIENCE. So much and no more would a skillful Watch-maker say of a Watch, when he had examined all the Pieces of it: But can a *Physician* do the same with your pretended Machine of the *Body*? having taken it to Pieces, can he set it again in Motion?

PREJUD. You would not be much out of the way, if the Machine we speak of, were made up like a Watch; it is enough that our *Doctors* have the Key of our Machine, that opens and shuts the Door to *Health* and Diseases.

PATIENCE. Nay, truly I believe your *Doctors* have a Key that opens the Door to Diseases, and with a grim look, shuts it upon *Health*.

PREJUD. What d'ye say of a grim Look; is there any Thing so refreshing to a sick Person as the sight of a *Physician*?

PATIENCE. A *Patient* that rejoyceth at the sight of a *Physician*, is sicker in Mind than in *Body*, and every *Patient* that willingly takes what his *Physician* pre-

CONVERSATION VIII. 17

prescribes to him, if he be not his own Murderer, he is at least accessory to his own Death.

PREJUD. Who can oblige a sick Person to take any thing against his Will?

PATIENCE. A Mother, a Wife, a Child, an old Servant who being seduced and frightened by a crowd of *Physicians*, change their Love and Friendship into Persecution and Tyranny, all declaring for the *Physicians* whom they love not, against a dying Person whom they adore: So that striving to save the *Patient*, they kill him; giving him no rest, till he be delivered up bound Hand and Foot to the Surgeon, and till he hath swallowed down the *quid pro quo*, of the Apothecary; for all know the *Doctor's Hand*, but no *Body* can read it.

PREJUD. You put me now in mind of my Bill, give it me again, I pray, that I may put it into the Hands of those who can make better use of it than you.

PATIENCE. Take it, I know nothing it is good for; nor cannot conceive, how a Man, that dares not trust his Purse to his Friend, commits his Life to a *Physician* whom he knows not.

PREJUD. I will answer you another Time. I have lost but too much Time with you already; farewell Enemy of *Physicians*.

PATIENCE. You are mistaken, I am only an Enemy to their bad Practice.

PREJUD. And for my Part, such as it is, I reverence it, I am persuaded it works good Effects, let me then fly with my dear Bill, and hear you no more. Adieu.

CONVERSATION IX.

Reflection reconciles Reason with the Heart and Stomach; and they resolve unanimously to renounce Physick.

REFLECTION. *The HEART.*

REASON. *The STOMACH.*

REFLECTION. **L**E T not the *Heart* and *Stomach* any longer blame the Conduct *Reason* has for some Time pursued, she hath been *Prejudiced*, it is true, but as it is a great Wisdom to forget a Fault, so let us speak no more of what is past; and let there be no more Rancour and Animosity amongst us.

HEART. *Reason* then, does at length confess that she is not infallible.

REFLECTION. Neither is she so guilty as you take her to be. Consider that it was impossible for her to have acted otherways than she had done, during the Impetuosity of hot-headed Youth; she was alone, and had none to stand by her, without *Experience*, encompassed with bad Examples, solicited by *Appetites*, authorised by Custom, and flattered by the *Senses*, how should she resist so many Powers?

HEART. Had that been all, she had been in some measure excusable; but so soon as she gets out of one Gulph, must she throw herself headlong into another.

RE-

CONVERSATION IX. 59

REFLECT. I am of the same Opinion, that to remedy the Excesses of the *Mouth*, she had better have consulted *Nature* than *Physicians*; but there are some Things which appear so charming at first Sight, that we embrace them with Pleasure, thinking ourselves sure that the Sequel will answer the beginning.

HEART. That's the Case with those that are *Prejudiced*; they imagine that the beaten Road is the safest way.

REFLECT. Who can be armed against that, *Reason* gliding along with the Stream of Medicine; hath been as a great many more, carried out into the open Sea, contrary to her Expectation and Desire.

HEART. She who suggests to the Wise, not to Sail but along the Coast, why did not she put into Shoar again?

REFLECT. What can one do, the first Time that he is tossed with Winds and Tempests? So that it is no Wonder, if in that Confusion, she abandoned the Helm.

HEART. But to whom did she abandon it?

REFLECT. To those whom she took to be sincere and able Persons, because with extream Confidence they offered themselves in time of Danger, but time hath made her but too sensible since, that all they sought for was to make Advantage of her Misfortune, and to be instructed at her Cost.

HEART. Nay, so far were they from serving her, that I know their Doubts and Irresolutions have represented Death to her, nearer than the Winds and Waves in the Height of their Rage have done.

REFLECT. The Truth is, these ignorant Pilots have put her into greater Danger by their bad working of the Vessel, than if she had only had the Storm and foul Weather to struggle with.

HEART. It could not otherways be.

REFLECT. Be it as it will, all of them being now at their Wit's End, and knowing no more what to do, they left themselves to the Mercy of the Winds and Sea, which having long tossed their Vessel, cast it at length shattered and weather-beaten upon the Shore; so that they who were still alive, were hardly to be known, they looked so like dead Men.

HEART. What said *Prejudice* to that?

REFLECT. I forgot to tell you, that in the Height of the Storm, a Gust of Wind carried her overboard, and she perished in the Sea, to the great Content of all; insomuch that she hath not been lamented by any.

HEART. That's the Fate of bad Favourites, who are not so much as pitied by those whom they have obliged; *Reason* ought to be very well satisfied, that she is at the same time deliver'd of an unworthy Favourite, and cured of the Disease of *Physicians*.

REFLECT. The Pleasure of a past Danger is only sweet to those, who are no more in fear of falling into another. All *Reason's* Care at present is, how to find Means of giving Vigour to a decayed Body, and of recovering *Health* at any Rate.

HEART. Probably, she is in Discourse with the *Stomach*, since neither of them have come to our Conference.

CONVERSATION IX. 61

REFLECT. It may be so; however tell me I pray you, what you think of this Change.

HEART. Since we are (in my Opinion,) more obliged to you than to *Reason*, for the Resolution she hath taken, it's you whom we ought chiefly to thank for it; but since they who most deserve Praises, desire least to hear them, I shall only tell you, that our Counsels tend to nothing else, but to beseech *Reason* that she would preserve the *Body* from Sickness, and the *Mind* from Trouble and Anxiety.

REFLECT. Yes, but what must be done to compass that? You have cut out a great deal of Work in a few Words.

HEART. Let her try all ways to reconcile us perfectly to *Nature*; engage her to restore us to *Health*, and suffer us to enjoy it so long as we live, for we do not live, if we be not well: For that End, let us by the Mediation of *Patience* and *Sobriety*, begin to sacrifice to her that Excess of high Living, wherewith the Parts of the *Body* are overcharged, accompanying these Sacrifices with some § Libations; lest the Fire should with what is superfluous, consume also what is necessary.

REFLECT. What must *Reason*, in the mean Time do for seconding of *Nature*?

HEART. Let her give Orders that we be treated like Children, I mean, that we be fed with Bread, Milk, Fruit, and all that *Nature* produces of her own dressing, or that Art prepares without much Labour and Pain; imposing a Law upon us to use them moderately, but with Intention still, to allow us afterwards stronger and more nourishing Food, if need require.

RE-

§ *Liquors poured out to the Honour of the Gods in Sacrifice.*

REFLECT. I doubt not but that is a good way of living, especially when we have recovered our *Health*, for I am convinced, that a regular Diet, with a constant and uniform way of Living, is the best Means to settle our *Health*, and avoid Diseases.

HEART. How? Suppose in Sickness, *Nature* seem'd to press you with an earnest Inclination, to commit some little Excess, would not ye hearken to her and satisfy her?

REFLECT. Although these Longings must be sometimes hearkened too and gratified, yet we should not give way to them so much, as not to be always upon our Guard, and use a great deal of Circumspection; for *Nature* being solicitous for our Relief, puts us incessantly upon the Execution of what she suggests to us, trusting to our own Discretion, as to the Moderation that is to be observed, and the use we ought to make of her Motions.

REASON. Nothing can be better said; I agree wholly in Opinion with *Reflection* and the *Heart*, and am resolv'd so to confide in their Conduct, that I will apply myself entirely to the Functions of the *Mind*; and therefore I'll not make use of *Sight* and *Hearing*, and leave it to the *Heart* to do as he thinks fit with the *Taste* and *Smell*, for the Service of the *Body*.

REFLECT. If you behave yourself so, it will be said that you pass from one Weakness to another; you have not forgot sure, that *Reason* hath not been given to the *Body* only to do what pleases itself, but to serve for a Counterpoise to that; though at present it seems to you to be in an even Ballance, yet how can it resist the continual Temptations to which it is expos'd, if you watch not constantly over its Conduct.

HEART.

CONVERSATION IX. 63

HEART. To this you may add, that if *Reason* take no other Care but to study and exercise the *Mind* the *Body* will soon languish and decay.

REFLECT. This obliges me to tell you, that ye ought to act all together in Consort; carefully to study *Nature*, and confine your Pleasure to a Submission to her Laws. Let not *Reason* then, be any more seduced as to that particular, by those who will come and tattle News to her, as if they were better informed than she: They are fawning Flatterers, who endeavour to tickle the *Ear*, that they may become Masters of the *Heart*, let her above all Things call to mind that *Health* is free and independant, and that ye ought to use your utmost Endeavours, to maintain in those Privileges, when once ye enjoy it.

REASON. How blind was I, when I imagined that *Reflection* took Pleasure to mingle Sour with our Sweet, that we could not be happy when we listned to her, and that to follow her Councils was to be her Martyr? How do I regret my Folly, to have so long consented to what an ill grounded *Prejudice* suggested to me in favour of Surfeiting and *Physick*. For repairing of all these Abuses, and for extinguishing that Misunderstanding that hath but too long reigned among us, let us, I beseech you, be more closely linked together, for our own Satisfaction, than we are by the Bonds of *Nature*, for our Interests. Seeing we have but one *Heart* and one *Mouth*, let us have also but one Will and one Desire, that we may never be heard nor seen any more, but altogether in a *Body*. The better to perswade you to this, I am resolved that as often as *Sleep* shall seize the *Eyes*, and Dreams the *Head*, I will retire into the *Heart*, whilst all the *Body* but he takes their Rest, to the End I may remedy

medy the Alterations and Discomposures of the *Body*, which happen during the Day.

REFLECT. That's a Thought and Resolution worthy yourself, by that Means you'll cut off all these Disputes, which from time to time arise about the Pre-eminence of the *Heart* or *Brain*; and under the Cover of *Sleep* you will in that new Place, make good Use of the Leisure it bestows upon you.

REASON. I tell ye once more, I'll allot the Night to all that concerns the inside of the *Body*, and employ the Day about the Matters without. I hope the *Heart* will not disapprove this Regulation?

HEART. I approve and consent to all, but I am at present much out of Order.

REFLECT. What makes the *Heart* to sigh so, whence proceeds those long Gapings and Yawnings?

HEART. The Reason is, because some angry Spirits stir within me, and the Advices that are brought me from the Regions of the *Liver* and *Spleen*, assure me that others of the same Temper kindle Combustions in all Parts; and seeing they have made the *Diaphragm* also to rise, I can expect nothing but Death.

REASON. Alas! we are undone, the *Heart* is without Motion.

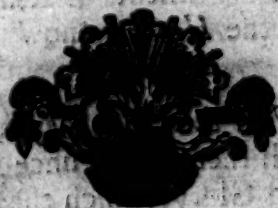
REFLECT. I know the Cause of that Disorder, it's no more but the Remains of an old Quarrel against *Sobriety*. Let us not be alarmed at all, all will do well. Though these Mutineers should pursue their rage even to a fainting of the *Heart*, we must not be startled at it; in all great Changes, we are ever to expect some small Mortification, before Things be set to rights.

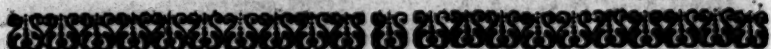
CONVERSATION IX. 65

STOMACH. If I may have my Will, none can calm that Storm sooner than myself; I have just now received a supply sufficient to quell the Mutineers, who have a Design to mount to the *Head*, under the Conduct of *Restlessness*, to hinder *Sleep* from entering the Place.

REASON. I know the Commander of that Party, he is a *Debauchee*, whom *Prejudice* and *Intemperance* have introduced amongst us, and who is the Cause of most of our Trouble. At first he is agreeable to Youth, who love Mirth and Pleasure; but it is dangerous to suffer him to usurp too much Authority, because his Ambition thirsts after every Thing, and if the *Stomach* can fairly rid us of him and introduce *Sleep*, it will be of no inconsiderable Service.

REFLECT. Be it known then to all the Inhabitants of the little World, that they instantly submit to the Laws of *Sleep*, to the End, that next Morning they may be all in a Condition to return to the Diversion of their ordinary Employments, and so to continue untill the *Muses* come in the Evening, and mingle their Consort with the Pleasures and Liberty of a civil and sober Entertainment.





CONVERSATION X.

SLEEP renders HEALTH to the BODY.

SLEEP. HEALTH.

SLEEP. **W**Hat Desire soever I have to acquaint you of what passes, yet you should still be in the Company of *Dreams*, if the urgent and reiterated Orders of *Reason* and the *Heart*, had not forced me to call you from these Diversions, and to propose to you, in their Name, something that's more solid.

HEALTH. Why do you listen to that ambitious Couple? If you do but in the least comply with their Judgment, they'll disturb the Quiet of our Retreat, and banish you, as they have done formerly, out of the Extent of your own Dominions. You know, when that happens, that I can have no Pleasure in staying here without you.

SLEEP. But if there be an indispensable Necessity of listning to the Sentiments of *Reason*, and following the Motions of the *Heart*; how can one refuse to answer them?

HEALTH. Well then, if they must be answered, let us plainly tell them, that since we pretend not to the Honours and Glory, which they so fondly possess, we pray them not to disturb the innocent Pleasures which we enjoy: For it is no less the Happiness of
Life

CONVERSATION X. 67

Life to slight what one has not, than to know the right Use of what one enjoys. Alas, could one be more happy than I was without them, when you began to speak to me in their Name?

SLEEP. Without Doubt you were wholly taken up in Dreams ; what pleasant Piece, pray, did they represent to ye ?

HEALTH. It's very true, I thought myself to be an *Amazon* Queen, who returned victorious from her Enemies ; but just as I was about to enter in Triumph, amidst Shouts and Acclamations, unto a Palace of Rubies hanging in the Air, and gently moved by the Wind, I was seized with Fear ; and though I was encompassed with Mirth, Musick and Dancing, yet nothing but *Sleep* could re-assure me. That you may know what Kind of Pleasure it was, I thought that I cloathed you in my Garments, and that at the same Time we were closely linked together by Chains and Flowers. Now though I was exceedingly delighted at this, yet for all that it broke my Dream : What d'ye imagine to be the Signification of it?

SLEEP. That's easily interpreted. The *Amazon* is *Health*, the Enemies of whom she triumphed, are *Physicians* and *Intemperance*. The Palace of Rubies moved by the Whole, is the *Heart*, where *Reason* would have me carry you, and the Chains that bound us so fast together, are our Embraces at parting.

HEALTH. Nay, now I perceive you are fonder of *Reason*, than she was of her Favourite ; but I foresee that it will be none of your Fault, if both of us renounce not our Independance, and wholly submit to our Pleasure.

SLEEP. Not so neither, I'm only solicitous to inform you, what Share you are to have in that Reconciliation, and to put you in Possession of it.

HEALTH. I believe I know as much of that as you do : Be ruled by me, let us let *Reason* and the *Heart* alone to torment themselves as much as they please, in finding out Measures to repair the Disorders of their Dissentions, and let us take our Rest.

SLEEP. That would do well enough, if without you they could put in Execution, what they are resolving betwixt themselves. They are so convinced of the Necessity of having you, that they cease not to send me one Courier at the Heels of another, praying me to restore *Health* to the *Body*. Will ye refuse me the Satisfaction of conducting you to the *Heart*, and of seeing you triumph there, as you do in all other Places where you take Delight?

HEALTH. Why should I any more appear in those Places, where I have received so bad Usage? Have you forgot, that if it had not been for your Protection, I had been long ago out of the World? Why then will you undo, what you have so kindly preserved?

SLEEP. No, I wo'nt undo you, nor so much as expose you to the least Danger : We are not now about to conduct you to the *Heart*, as heretofore, accompanied with the Sparks of Youth, which might, in Effect, cause your Destruction, or at least disturb your Tranquillity : You are expected there, without Ostentation and Magnificence, we are only to acquaint you, that *Reason* is no longer *Prejudiced* against you ; and to give you all Manner of Assurance, that she'll determine nothing concerning you for the Future, till first she have consulted *Reflection* and the *Heart* about it,

HEALTH,

CONVERSATION X. 69

HEALTH. But if she consult not you also, I shall be in no less Danger : No, I won't part from you ; I cannot be secure without you. Why have you so many Charms ? Why does one *taste* so many Pleasures in your Company ? Having accustomed me to a still and solitary Life, would you now again embark me in Trouble and Confusion ?

SLEEP. You have no Cause any more to apprehend these Agitations ; they have separated Pain from them, and left you only the Pleasure ; Nay, and if that Pleasure work in you but the least Disgust, give me but a Wink, and I shall presently come flying to your Assistance ; and though nothing should happen that may put you out of Humour, my tender Care of you shall not suffer me to delay till Night the paying of you a Visit ; I'll come and steal some Moments for you, even in the Middle of the Day, if the Feasting and Plays, that now are preparing for your Entertainment, hinder me not from approaching you.

HEALTH. The Preparations you speak of, instead of obstructing your Design, will facilitate the Means of your putting it in Execution. I shall even prevent them, if I can, for I have no Pleasure but in your Company, and especially at that Time of Day ; *Physicians* may say what they will.

SLEEP. You are then resolved to grant *Reason* what she desires of you ?

HEALTH. When *Reason* formed the Design of al-
luring me to the *Heart*, it ought to have been represented to her how changeable and fickle he is, how that after the first Congress he'll take no more Notice of me. The Truth is, he passionately desires what he wants, and sets no Value upon what he enjoys ;
in



HEALTH RESTOR'D, &c.

in a Word, he is in all Things so much upon Extreams, that what he'll do to chear me, will only serve to alter, and perhaps undo me.

SLEEP. That Diffidence will *vanish*, when I have told you what hath been done, for your Security and Glory.

HEALTH. I desire to know no more; well, since you will deliver me up to the *Heart*, I condescend; only tell me how I can be able to bear the Grief of our parting.

SLEEP. Could I, as well as you, appear abroad in the Day Time, we should be inseparable; but being destin'd to be sometimes asunder, don't fear that a few Hours Absence can have any bad Influence upon so strict a Friendship as ours. Consider, that it would be a Shame for us to mind only our own Repose and Pleasure, that's a Thought not to be pardoned but in a foolish Love. What Trouble soever then our Separation may cause, let us support it constantly, and let us do so much Good to All, that All may love us as much as we do one another.

HEALTH. Well, to compleat what you have begun, let's go to the *Heart*.

SLEEP. You do me a singular Kindness, but let me tell you, that in the Reconciliation, which *Reason* hath just now made with all the Parts of the *Body*, it hath, among other Things, been agreed upon, that so soon as *Sleep* shall seize the *Eye-lids*, *Reason* shall leave the *Head*, and descend into the *Heart*, there to labour, in Concert with him, about what concerns the domestick and internal Affairs of the Kingdom.

HEALTH. Why hath she chosen that Time and Place?

SLEEP,

CONVERSATION X. 71

SLEEP. Because the Night gives Counsel, and all that is done in the *Heart*, is kept more secret than what is acted elsewhere.

HEALTH. That ought to bring down the Pride of the *Brain*, who boasted, that he alone had the Honour of being the Seat of *Reason*.

SLEEP. Ay, and it ought to vex him somewhat more, that they talk of treating of nothing in his Apartment, but of Foreign Affairs: But, what solely concerns you, so soon as *Vigilance* hath guided *Reason* from the *Heart* to the *Head*, *Gladness* is to put you in Possession of the *Heart*, where joining your Talents together, you'll have Liberty to make yourself desired and cherished of all.

HEALTH. Notwithstanding that I have wholly resigned myself to your Will, give me leave to tell you once for all, that I cannot conceive how you can love me, and yet bestow me upon another?

SLEEP. I have said nothing of giving you to another; that Word would wound our Friendship: I have only engaged myself to leave you in the *Heart*, so long as *Reason* shall be in the *Head*: For when *Reason* descends from the *Head* into the *Heart*, my Design is to bring you thence; and not to leave you, so long as she is there. Consider what Pleasure we are like to have, in discoursing at Leisure of our Impatencies and Disquiets: What Felicity in visiting the Bounds of our Empire, in scattering our Favours in all Places, giving to those you have a Kindness for, full Brimmers of *Sleep*, which drives Weariness out of the Traveller's Foot, and out of the Tradesman's Hand; which strips the *Heart* of his Passions, and the *Mind* of its most cutting Cares. When I endeavour to assuage the sharpness of Pains, you shall pour a healing

healing Balsam upon the most desperate Wounds: And whilst I release Slaves from their Chains, you shall give them Vigour to carry them when they awake. In fine, if there be any Thing wanting to those whose Troubles and Miseries we would sweeten, we shall order Dreams to afford by Night, what their averse Fortune denies them by Day.

HEALTH. So that leaving every where Tokens of our Love, we cannot be upbraided, that any are sick and unfortunate in our Empire: Since they shall not suffer, so long as they are under our Jurisdiction. But that I may fully understand all these Regulations, inform me what *Reason* is doing with the *Heart*.

SLEEP. They are making no new Laws, but are reviving those which are in a Manner extinct; they have already enacted that if the *Health* be in the least out of Order, the *Stomach* shall demand nothing; that all Parts of the *Body* shall listen carefully to hear what the Voice of *Nature* prescribes; and whilst they wait for her Suggestions, the Parts that are overcharged, may ease themselves.

HEALTH. Now that it is Day, and the Sun is going to appear, what does *Reason* do to prepare for her Departure.

SLEEP. She solicites the Spirits that are dispersed over the *Body*, to betake themselves to their Duty, and with Pleasure considers how busie they are to fill the *Organs* of the *Senses*, and all the *Faculties* of the *Body*, to perform their Functions: Just as a General delights to see, how at the first Sign given, his Well-Disciplined Soldiers run from all Parts to their Arms, and draw up under their Colours, ready to fall on at the least Signal.

HEALTH.

CONVERSATION X 73

HEALTH. When all these Spirits are drawn up in Rank and File, as they ought to be, what does *Reason* do then?

SLEEP. She leaves the *Heart*, attended with the Virtues and an infinite Number of Spirits, Judgment ushering the Way; just so, as in the Spring, we see a swarm of young Bees fly confusedly about their new Queen.

HEALTH. You give me the Description of a charming Court.

SLEEP. That's not all, *Reason* entering the *Head*, finds presently all the *Idea's*, which are the Inhabitants of that Empire, ranked and drawn up, as *Reflection* thinks fit to command; and as exactly, as such an innumerable Multitude, with so vast a Train, can allow of in so small a Spot of Ground as the *Memory* is.

HEALTH. You fill me with Curiosity.

SLEEP. All these *Idea's* march in little *Bodies*, like the Cluster of a Swarm of Bees. Each little *Body* consists of *Idea's* of the same kind, or near to it, and altogether muster in the Air in Form of a Rainbow, which yields the loveliest Prospect in the World. As all these *Idea's* are overjoyed to see their Queen, so they strive to get to the outside of their Companies, and the Motions they make for coming thither, makes a pleasant Variety.

HEALTH. Has it only been since *Reason* retired from the *Heart*, that she is received into the *Head*, in the manner you tell me? For I was banished from thence so young, that all is News to me.

SLEEP. It hath been so in all times.

L

HEALTH.

HEALTH. Whither went *Reason*, whilst the Dreams under your Government, possessed the *Head* and disposed of the *Body*?

SLEEP. Opinions are divided as to that: Some thought she slept; and others that she left the *Body* to go visit the Place of her Original; for my Part, I am in a Manner assured, that she shut herself up in the Understanding, that she might have no Hand in the Disorders which the Animal Part, in Conjunction of Dreams, sometimes committed, during the time of my Reign.

HEALTH. Let's return I pray, to our *Idea's*; what do these little *Mirmidons* do, when they perceive their Sovereign?

SLEEP. They make it their Business to observe her, and according as she is melancholy or merry, they Cloath themselves with Joy or Sadness, and that happens as often as *Reason* changes her Countenance: So that more diligent Courtiers are no where to be seen.

HEALTH. What does *Reason* do upon her Arrival?

SLEEP. Sometimes she makes a Review of her Troops; commonly she does but consider the new Comers; but one Thing, which I cannot very well express to you, and which requires your best Attention; scarcely is *Reason* seated on her Throne, environed with the Virtues, but they become all so resplendent, that it is difficult to behold their Lustre.

HEALTH. I very well conceive that the Rays and Light of the Mind, supply the Place of the Sun in this little World, which being reflected upon that
numerous

numerous Court, renders it so majestick : But how does *Reason* act in ordinary Affairs?

SLEEP. Whether *Reason* thinks within herself, or that she makes apparent abroad what is doing within at home, she makes use of two Ministers : The *Will* is one, which governs the Original of the *Nerves*, like one that plays upon the Virginals : And the other is *Memory*, which with unconceivable Swiftneſs moves the *Idea's* that are in little *Bodies*. This being ſuppoſed, when *Reason* acts, ſhe is to be conſidered as reciting a Leſſon of Muſick, whereof the *Will* and *Memory* make the Parts : By that Means, whatever *Reason* intimates, the Part of the *Body* which hath the greateſt Relation to that *Thought* is preſently acquainted with it by the *Will*, which touches its *Nerves*. And if there be any Thing paſt that quadrats to that Thought, the *Memory* preſents the *Idea's* of it, which the *Virtues* turn into all Views, to ſet them off in their lively Colours. So that every one has a Share in the Spectacle, and there is nothing better connected.

HEALTH. But how can *Memory* bring forth an *Idea* that is confounded with a Million of others?

SLEEP. In the ſame manner as in an Army drawn up in Battalia, no Soldier answers, but he that is called, or his next Neighbour for him.

HEALTH. You deſcribe to me a very ſingular Harmony.

SLEEP. But a very juſt one : For Judgment which beats Time, marks the Determination of *Reason*, that are like the *Periods* of the *Cadence* in ordinary Muſick, to which the Organ of the Voice beneath from Time to Time makes answer, accompanied with the Geſture of the Hands, and Motion of the Eyes ; all which

together supply the Place of the *Chorus*, in that Kind of natural *Opera*.

HEALTH. That sure requires a great deal of Time.

SLEEP. Not at all, [the Business is done in an Instant, and all these Motions are quicker than Lightning.

HEALTH. Are these Things always performed with that Exactness and Promptitude, you say?

SLEEP. In such a great Consort as this is, it can hardly be, but that there is something many times out of Tune: Nay and sometimes all is false, even from *Reason* it self to the Organ of the Voice; but when the Evil is of no long Continuance, it passes but for some little Clashing, which great Courts are not alarmed at, because they are subject to them.

HEALTH. But what, when these Jarrings continue.

SLEEP. Then all is out of Order, and the State in Danger.

HEALTH. What is the Cause of these Errors, and what Course is taken to avoid them, and to stop the Progress.

SLEEP. Such great Disorders never happen, but when *Reason* is drawn away by the Violence of some predominant Passion, which usurping a Share in her Sovereign Authority, discomposes the State, and puts it often in Danger, which you have seen, so long as *Prejudice* was in Favour.

HEALTH. Why do not the *Virtues* stifle that Disorder in the Birth? for it is for that End alone that they are given to *Reason*.

SLEEP. Is there any one that performs what is enjoined him punctually? Though *Wisdom* hold the
Virtues

CONVERSATION X. 87

Virtues linked together, to oblige them neither to rise nor fall ; It is hard however to be prevented, but that when some certain Objects present, they will run Riot : And that's the *Reason* that *Liberality* sometimes breaks out into Profusion, and *Frugality* so often borders upon *Covetousness*.

HEALTH. Who puts a Stop then to these impetuous Motions.

SLEEP. The great *Virtues*, which have the Power of correcting one another ; *Prudence* moderates *Courage* : and *Reason* herself takes Counsel from *Reflection*. Besides *Modesty* hath the Inspection over all the *Virtues*, with Power to lay an Arrest upon those that transgress, delivering them up to Confusion, which is a merciless Jaylor, that exposes them to Shame under a purple Veil, which amongst the *Virtues* is a most severe Punishment.

HEALTH. What Course ought *Reason* to follow, that she may not fall into such Perplexities.

SLEEP. To remain indifferent, and rely only upon Simplicity and Sincerity : to take Truth for her Guide, and never to look back ; that she may avoid the ghastly Looks of Sorrow and Repentance ; to speak always with the *Heart* upon the *Lips*, *Integrity* attending both, as a *Surety* that answers for all, and justifies the Demeanour.

HEALTH. I admire what you say, but cannot conceive who can have taught you so much ?

SLEEP. I am obliged to *Reflection* for this, whom I often assist in ordering the Acts of the Assemblies, whereof she keeps the Records. And therefore I lodge with her, untill *Reason* appear, and take Possession of the Head, with all the Train that I have just now described.

HEALTH.

HEALTH. If I take it right, I think I see a Crowd of Actors, filling the Scene of a stately Theatre, and impatiently expecting the drawing up of the Curtain.

SLEEP. It's exactly so, for so soon as the Eye lifts up the Eye Lid, they begin to act and vanish.

HEALTH. Though I believe all this to be literally true, yet I dare not brag of it; for what comes from you, passes commonly for raving amongst People that are awake.

SLEEP. Let them think what they please, what does that concern you? *Truth* needs no Approvers; but in my Turn, give me leave to tell you, that I cannot conceive neither, what can have moved you to have put so many Questions to me? for I never took you to be very curious?

HEALTH. Wonder not at that; for so long as you did not talk of parting from me, you were to me instead of all Things; but now that you turn me over to others, I would not have it said, that you had taught me nothing. The Truth is, I am very ignorant; I love not that Learning which requires Study, and when I am not put to it, to defend myself against *Intemperance* and *Physicians*, I mind nothing else but Cheerfulness and Pleasure. It shall not be so for the future; I have a thousand more Questions to ask, concerning *Reason* and her Court, which I must be informed of.

SLEEP. You may to Day satisfy your Desire; I know you'll be call'd up, and *Reason* will enlarge in your Praises: Nay she hath resolv'd for your better Entertainment, to confute the *Physicians* before your Face, that you may be revenged on them for all the Mischief they have done you.

HEALTH. If their Defeat be worth the While, we shall triumph over them at Night; but don't you perceive

perceive that we are entering into a very hot and sultry Air?

SLEEP. That's because we are hard by the *Heart*; nay I hear *Reason* speaking to him; but seeing I am prohibited to enter there, let us stop here a little, and listen to their Discourse.



*The Sequel of a CONVERSATION
betwixt REASON and the HEART.*

REASON. **T**HE Truth is, we cannot be too sensible of the good Office that *Sleep* has done us, in having protected *Health* at a Time when I cruelly persecuted her by Fasting and good Cheer; and in that he is about to restore her to us, at present, when we want nothing but her Company to compleat our Felicity, what can we do for *Sleep*, in Acknowledgment for such a Piece of good Service?

HEART. As *Sleep* hath given a Place of Retreat to *Health*, during the Irregularities of the *Body*, so let us propose it to *Health*, that she may do the like Kindness to *Sleep*, when the *Body* flies it: As they love one another dearly, so I make no Doubt but they will gladly embrace the Offer.

REASON. If it be so, let's join them together, that so they may be inseparable.

HEART. That would be an admirable good Proposal, if the Question were how to punish, and not how to reward them. Believe me, that is an insupportable Yoke: The beautifullest Palace in the World, if we be confined to it, is a more dreadful Prison than

than a Dungeon, if the Door be open. Love admits of no other Constraint but what it imposes on itself.

REASON. Well then! I give Consent that Love may unite them by its strongest Bonds, upon the Conditions that *Sleep* and *Health* are willing themselves to prescribe. But if I may have my Will, *Sleep* and *Health* shall be no more two, but one and the same Thing, which the *Body* is to reverence under two different Names.

HEART. That is to say, that in the Day Time they shall appear under the Name of *Health*, and in that Quality be respected, so long as the Eyes are open: But from the Moment that the Eyes are shut, that they shall be considered under no other Name but that of *Sleep*.

REASON. Manage that as you please, I am press'd to be gone: I leave this Door open to our Lovers, and will go out by the other; my Presence suits not always with those that are desperately in Love, and therefore I'll lay no Constraint upon them. Receive them as you use to receive those whom you respect most.

HEALTH. This is the true Interpretation of my Dream, that I should cover you with my Veil, that you may lack nothing on my Part.

SLEEP. Your Dream imports also that your Arms and Hands should be the Bonds and Chains that render us inseparable.

HEALTH. Add for the completing of our Happiness, that the *Heart* receiveth us, hugs and unites us closer together, than all the Bonds and Ties of Love can do.

CONVERSATION XL.

All the Parts of the Body are here supposed to be joined together, under the Name of a PATIENT ; that is in Conference with a PHYSICIAN, who does not think him cured.

The PHYSICIAN. The PATIENT.

PHYSICIAN. **W**H A T's this I see in that Close-stool ? ha ! what a deal of Filth and Corruption ? I knew full well you should not escape me : I have caught you, at length, and now you are where I would have you.

PATIENT. And where I would too.

PHYSICIAN. In Truth you have Reason, d'ye see that ferrugineous Orange-coloured Stuff, which I touch with the Point of my Cane, it's the very Substance of the *Vesicle* of the *Gall* ; and these Streaks and Lays of concocted black Matter at the Side of it, give us good Assurance of the Disopilation of the *Spleen* ; ye must needs find yourself much at Ease ?

PATIENT. And so I am indeed.

PHYSIC. And much refreshed ?

PATIENT. Sure enough.

M

PHYS.

82 HEALTH RECTOR'D, &c.

PHYSICIAN. Having turned over and over again that vast Mass of slimy, concocted, sanguilent and glutinous Matter, I find, that it's no Wonder your *Reins* and *Bowels* were so overcharg'd; but now, thanks to good *Physick*, we are in the right way to a speedy Cure; and three or four small subsequent *Potions* diversified according to the Indications of Time and the Disease, will show us the Bottom of the Bag; and make us Masters of the Tenacity of that *Mesentery*: What d'ye say to it? would you have all that Filth, and those Poisons in your Body again?

PATIENT. No I'll swear, and that's the very Reason why I never took it.

PHYSICIAN. Did you not take the *Physick* which I order'd last Night, to be taken this Morning?

PATIENT. No.

PHYSICIAN. How, no? what I see then is the Effect of the Glyster you took in the Evening, and of the Julep, when you went to Bed; for this last finding *Nature* moved by the former, might very well have expelled these laudable Matters; in that Case you did well to delay your Purge, though I find still great Plenitude in this lower Region.

PATIENT. Be satisfied, I have taken nothing at all, and all these Medicines, Glysters, and Juleps, you speak of, as soon as they came from the Apothecary, were thrown into the Closetstool; it were to no purpose for me to tell what Effects they have wrought, since you yourself have told that so particularly.

PHYS. What do I hear? who can have so poisoned your Mind, as to make you think of daring to disobey my Directions?

PATIENT. Nay, ask me rather, who hath given me an Antidote against your Poisons; for I would have

have you know, that for the future I intend not to charge desperately through *Blood* and *Physick*, without I well know the Cause and Quarrel.

PHYS. Ha! I begin to smell a Rat; there must be some Chymist, Empirick, or Mountebank in the Case. Well, well, we'll see what will become on't in time; and when you have payed sufficiently for your Experience, you'll be glad at your Heart to have Recourse to us, when these ignorant Quacks have brought you to the Brink of the Grave.

PATIENT. They say as much of you, and not without Reason too; for there is nothing more certain, than that since the College has been convinced that these pretended Empiricks have absolved those whom ye condemned to Death; you have gone to Law with them about it, and resolved amongst yourselves no more to abandon your *Patients*, until you have cut and flased, and as they say, given them an hundred Blows after they are dead; and what is cruellest of all, you put that charitable Resolution in Execution.

PHYS. How come you to be in this merry Humour I pray? doubtless you have held your Nose over the Books of some false Brethren, who have been so base as to publish in *English* some Secrets of our Art. But Patience, you have not got your Ends yet: If I have any Interest, the College shall invent a new Language, which no body shall be able to understand, and then we'll find ways to revenge ourselves, and our Enemies never be the wiser for it.

PATIENT That will not do, unless ye add to that new Way of conjuring a Declaration, enjoining all Men to make use of a Medicine that you alone can prepare and distribute. That ye may be surer also

of your Revenge, and at the same time glut your Avarice, bring your Pharmacy in Play: Inasmuch that no Medicines may be bought but from Apothecaries, who are to have a Board hanging at their Shop-doors, with this Inscription in great Gold Letters.

THE
OFFICE
OF THE
COLLEGE
OF
PHYSICIANS,
FOR

The Dispensation and Sale of all Sorts
of Purgatives, Vomitives, Sudori-
ficks, Diureticks, Anodynes, &c.

PHYS. I desire no more to put a stop to this Tattle
of yours, but a slight Cold, or a small Fit of an
Ague. Till that happen, reform your Plea; if any
other beside myself heard you, they'd laugh at you,

PATIENT.

CONVERSATION XI. 85

PATIENT. I doubt that; but if it did happen so, I should pity those that might be in the same Error I have been in. *Physicians* have made a Fool of me so long, that I think, in my Turn, I may also laugh a little at them. The Discoveries and Demonstrations of the Close-stool have pleased me exceedingly; and indeed, when I see a Dozen of you at a Consultation, I fancy I see so many blind Men throwing at a Cock.

PHYS. Mighty well, and should I leave you now to your own Sense, what would become of you, poor Wretch, who know neither the Quality of Aliments, nor the Quantity that is convenient for you nor the Time when you ought to take them? who cannot foresee the Diseases that threaten you: And being ignorant of the Way of Prevention, that might divert them, you would at every Turn be exposed to all kinds of Distempers, were it not for our provident Care of you.

PATIENT. How dare you boast of prognosticating the future, when you cannot tell what it is you see, touch, and smell? You had need speak of Prevention, who render it so often dangerous and mortal.

PHYS. Hold there, I say—

PATIENT. No, the least Creature that is, knows more than you do, what belongs to Precaution and Feeding; for without any other Advice than that of the Smell and Taste, it avoids what is contrary to it, and sticks to that which is good. Nay, suppose it may perchance eat more at one time than another, forbearing afterward its Food for some little time, sets it to rights again.

PHYS. But what becomes of that Animal, if it fall sick? it dies like a Beast without Relief.

PATIENT.

PATIENT. On the contrary, if it be any ways indisposed, it lies still, and forbearing (as I told you) to eat, commits itself to *Nature*, which not being thwarted by *Physicians*, nor interrupted by *Physick*, cures it without any sharp Pains; and conducts it from Youth to old Age, free from any great Infirmary.

PHYS. I am glad to hear a Man rank himself among the Beasts, and to submit his Reason to their Instinct.

PATIENT. Not so neither; I do not think myself more skilful for the Preservation of my bodily Health than Beasts are for the Preservation of theirs. If their Reasoning be short, it is solid, and if ours be large, it is the more wavering. Whence I conclude, that if there be fewer Wheels and Movements in their Clock than ours, it is the truer for that; and all our Strikings and Allarms, our Minutes and Seconds, with the Moon and Tide, serve only to put us the more out of Order.

PHYS. I confess the Wheels of your Noddle are a little too much out of Order; you must be let Blood, and that quickly too, in the Foot, and in the Arm, successively, without Interruption.

PATIENT. Nay, since the Matter requires so much Haste, you might have said in all the four Limbs.

PHYS. You laugh, but it is no laughing Matter; nay, if bleeding you in the Arm and Foot be not enough, we'll blood you in the Neck, in the Tongue, and all over, if we have a mind to it.

PATIENT. It is not said without Ground, that it's far better to do as *Physicians* do, than to do as they bid you do. This

CONVERSATION XI. 37

PHYS. This Itch of tattling shows a Depravation of the Organ, and a great Tendency to a sudden Phrensy. To prevent this Volubility of Tongue, and Swiftneſs of the Pulse, we muſt proceed by ſpeedy and ſpecifick Ways. Quickly then, go call the firſt Surgeon, warm ſome Water, make ready Bands, but chiefly let us raiſe this Head, and apply a live Pigeon to it with all its Feathers, to fortify the Weakneſs of the Brain.

PATIENT. If the laſt Remedy you ſpeak of be good, it's more proper for you than me. But it is ſtrange that you forbid others to make any Noiſe about ſick People, and yet keep ſuch a ſtamping with your Foot, and a bawling with your Directions, which will not be obeyed. I am ſo weary of hearing you give your Directions, and ſo ſick of obeying them, that I'll have my Turn of ordering too. Hold your Tongue then, I command you; or I'll make you be quiet, for I am Maſter here.

PHYS. Hey-day! what Language is this? The World's turned topsy-turvy. Fire! Fire! Where ſhall I find enough of *Nenuphar* Water, and of the Salt of *Saturn* to aſſiſt the Boiling and Efferveſcence of Blood and Choler, which ſend out Fire and Flames into all Parts. *Arides* quickly, hey, to curb theſe *Alcalis*: And that we may join Topicks to internal Medicines, let a cooling Bath of Frogs Spawn be forthwith made ready, but above all Things let there be Calves and Lambs in Readineſs, for this will not be over without Tranſuſion.

PATIENT. Can there be more Extravagancy ſaid in fewer Words?

PHYSICIAN. What a deal of Veal Broth, and Chicken Broth muſt paſs through this Body? not to reckon

reckon the Emulsions, Apozems, and Soporificks, which go before the Use of the Juice of Chervil, and of Whey clarified with Fumetory.

PATIENT. If we'll believe one Sect of *Physicians*, all Diseases proceed from Heat, and stand in Need only of Blood letting and cooling Medicines. Consult others, and they'll tell you that the same Diseases proceed from Blood-letting, the natural Heat is to be strengthened and increased. These prescribe Wine, Cordials, nourishing Food and open Air. Those again; at first cut you short of your Commons, blast your Stomach with cold Liquors, and thin Broths, and choak you up in a close and stifling Air: as if outward cooling were more dangerous than those Drenches wherewith they inwardly chill the Body: What is to be in such Contrarieties.

PHYSICIAN. You confound the offensive with the defensive. A Conqueror cannot signalize himself without Effusion of Blood.

PATIENT. The Question here is not of making Conquests. I say the sick Person is upon the defensive, and that by consequence he ought to imitate the Example of that great General, *qui cunctando restituit rem, who by delaying re-established the Commonwealth*. Besides, seeing Cold is the Symbol of Death, were it not better to quicken and encrease our natural Heat, than to diminish and extinguish it? at least, I find my self so well with this Maxim, that I'll keep as I am.

PHYSICIAN. In what Condition then do you take yourself to be?

PATIENT. Nay, I ask you that Question?

PHYSICIAN. How can I know if you do not tell me?

PATIENT.

CONVERSATION XL 39

PATIENT. You don't know then so much as a Farrier.

PHYSICIAN. Fy, Fy, are not you ashamed to say such mean Things, I should be unwise to take any Notice of it.

PATIENT. Leave those slighting Terms to your Physicians, from whom they have been borrowed. One should never say Fy, but of *Physick*, and all that belongs to it.

PHYSICIAN. Ha! spare your Quirks, I am not for idle Quiddities, but solid Reasons. Tell me then seriously, if you can, you who talk so much of *Nature* and Sickness, what *Nature* and Sickness are: For I will so stop your Mouth, that you shall not have so much as a Pun or quibble to answer.

PATIENT. It's an easy Matter to satisfy you, as thus *Nature* and Sickness are the Heads of two contrary Parties: You are for Sickness, and I for *Nature*. You fight for Death, and I for Life.

PHYSICIAN. How do I take the Part of Sickness, who make Medicine consist in waging War against it.

PATIENT. Call you that to make War against Sickness, to pitch upon the Time when *Nature* is engaged with it, to fall foul on her, robbing her of her Blood when she requires Strength, and giving her Poisons to fight with, when she is ready to sink under her Adversary? to this you may add, that if in the Heat of this War, *Nature* makes a Truce to take a little Breath; presently your Cup, Scarrify, Glisten, and so alter the State of Affairs, that Victory which enclined to *Nature*, turns to the other Side, Death.

N

PHYS.

PHYS. And you pretended Champions of *Nature* what do you do?

PATIENT. Seeing we have not the Vanity to impose any Orders upon her, we do no more but send her the Assistance she demands, and without puzzling ourselves to know if the Enemy be in the Blood or in the Humours, when we have well recruited *Nature*, we are certain that she'll overcome the Evil, because no Force but that of *Nature* is able to subdue Diseases.

PHYS. Who doubts that? and therefore our whole Business is to manage the Strength of the *Patient*, that we may bring him to Health again.

PATIENT. Nevertheless your Practice is quite contrary. For when a *Physician* is called in the Beginning of a Sickness; they come prepossessed, that the Town is full of none but Enemies; and in that Persuasion as soon as they enter they charge all they meet with, without distinguishing the Good from the Bad, or the Innocent from the Guilty. Seeing all they propose to themselves is the clear Evacuation of the Place; when they have got their Ends they cry, the Town's our own; imagining that it will be as easy for them to re-people it with new Colonies, as it was to drive out the old Inhabitants. But the Church-yard rises in Indignation against their mortal Praction.

PHYS. I see you know not what *Physicians* are, if you knew them better, you would not speak as you do.

PATIENT. I know them so well, that if you please, I'll give you a Character of them in two Words.

PHYS. Pray let's hear it.

PATIENT.

PATIENT. They are a Set of Gentlemen who entertain the Patient with cramp Words and hard Names; till *Nature* cures, or *Physick* kill him.

PHYS. A fine Character truly, and nothing less than a Miracle can cure you of your Phrensy.

PATIENT. I am not at all afraid of my Distemper; but I should have Cause enough to be afraid of Physicians were I Fool enough to trust them any more? call then what you please, the Condition I am in, I am resolved not to change.

PHYS. Keep in your fools Paradise: However tell me, why are ye so great an Enemy to *Physicians*?

PATIENT. I'm an Enemy only to their Practice, not their Persons, I cannot endure they should impose upon credulous Minds; and that under the Veil of *Nature*, they should follow a rotten Method, which makes them prescribe the same Things in all Diseases, without Respect to Sex, Age, Constitution, Climate, or Season; and that trusting to their Privilege, and that the Law obliges them not to take out a Pardon under the Great Seal, they kill all indifferently both Friends and Foes.

PHYS. You think then we have no Conscience?

PATIENT. Not so all together; but it may be with your Consciences, as with the Dogs to whom your Anatomists cut the recurvent Nerves to hinder them from barking.

PHYS. And so you conclude that the Faculties be like the Old Man of the Mountains and his Assessor; I mean that she breeds her Sons, if not with Design to dispatch all Men, yet at least with Prospect of killing methodically all our Patients.

PATIENT. No I do not think you kill them deliberately and with Design; no, your Ignorance is more

to be blamed than your Malice for such Murders; and we are persuaded that it is no Fault of yours, if your *Patients* and their Infirmities be not immortal.

PHYS. To hear you speak, a Body would think that *Physicians* never cured any Man.

PATIENT. Nor are they indeed cut out for curing the Sick, but for comforting those who survive the Dead.

PHYS. Nevertheless, were I to engage in open War against the Hereticks of Medicine, such as you are, I should desire no other Aid for overthrowing of them, than the Assistance of those who owe their Life to my Skill and Labours.

PATIENT. In that Case, I should look upon you to be so ill accompanied, that I would make Conscience of bringing a Second with me; because the Laws of Honour do not allow two to fight against one.

PHYS. If all were of your Mind, I perceive, we should be once more banished the Commonwealth.

PATIENT. That could not be done now, if at present Men desired it, as then they did, to have Families numerous in Children; but seeing now-a-days they are thought most happy who have none at all, and that you contribute much to the attaining to that Felicity, you are looked upon as a necessary Evil; nay, it is the present Mode too, that every one die after your Way. And to compleat your good Fortune, the Dead, who ought to call you to an Account, are not revengeful; and the Widow and Heir, who eye the Estate more than Revenge, let you escape.

PHYS.

PHYS. And so at one Clap we are both accused and sentenced, and may the next Step be hanged too, if any Body will be at the Charge of it. But have you forgot that golden Sentence, *Honora Medicum propter Necessitatem. Honour the Physician for Necessity sake.*

PATIENT. No, I have not; and for Proof of that, *Honour the Physician*, in Greek, signifies, *Pay him his Fee*; which I never failed to do, that I might confirm you in your Aphorism, *Dat Galenus Opes, Galen gives Riches.* But have not you likewise observed in the same Place where you had your golden Sentence, that the Lord having promised long Life to those whom he loves, adds, that to be avenged on him that offends, he will make him fall into the Hands of *Physicians*?

PHYS. Sure enough, to the End the *Physician* may render him Good for Evil.

PATIENT. However, if you'll believe *Corn. a Lapide, Ecclesiasticus c. 38. 15.* upon the Passage, he'll make it out to you, that Sickneſs is like a criminal Proceſs; that the *Patient* on that Occaſion is the Priſoner, the Instruments of Chirurgery, and the Potions of the Apothecary, the Engines of the Rack and Torture; the Lord, the Judge; and the *Physician*, the Executioner.

PHYS. Theſe *Doctors* fancy that the Books which they comment, are like the ringing of Bells; and it's an old Saying, *As the Fool thinks, the Bell elinks.*

PATIENT. To juſtify theſe Authors, I could load you with an infinite Number of uncontroverted Inſtances, but I ſhall content my ſelf with theſe two Verſes:

Carnificum

*Carnificum periere manu Rex Anglus & Unus,
Sustulit hunc Cromwel, sustulit hanc Medicus.*

That is, *The King and Queen of England died by the Hands of the Executioners. Cromwell put him to Death, and the Physicians her.*

PHYS. These Citations suit very well with your Temper; *Physicians* are certainly much to be pitied! what Miracles soever they may work, they still procure more Blame than Praise, so unjust and unthankful is Man naturally. Does any one fall Sick? we are sent for in all Haste, and received in Triumph. Is the Party cured? they send us back, avoid our Company, and many Times cheat us of our Fees, so that having in the Beginning of the Sicknes revered us like Demi-Gods, in the Recovery from it, they look upon us as Devils.

PATIENT. I am not of the Mind that ye are so much to be pitied as you pretend. On the contrary, I know no Profession more happy than that of *Physicians*. Is any killed by them? the Earth presently buries their Crime; does *Nature* save a *Patient* out of their Hands? they claim the Honour of it; and the Sun illustrates their pretended Victory.

PHYS. Oh, Injustice! can we cure all the World? are Men immortal? are there not incurable Diseases, sudden Deaths, where we cannot come in Time, and far less foresee them? what shall I say, *Contra vim mortis non est Medicamen in horti. The Gardens affords no Remedy against the Power of Death.*

PATIENT. It's your Negligence and not the Disease that's incurable; had you thoroughly studied the Ancients and Modern, who have searched *Nature*, to her very Center, you might have preserved those in *Health*, whom you have deprived of Life; but you
are

CONVERSATION XI. 83

are so headstrong and opinionative, that you had rather die, than suffer the Use of a Medicine, which *Hippocrates* and *Galen* have not recommended to Practice.

PHYS. These Searchers of *Nature* are silly Block-heads. Not one of these Bellows-blowers, but has a Million in his Head for a Penny in his Purse. They never see a *Patient*, but they imagine his Body to be a Furnace; his *Heart* a Crucible, his Blood and Humours, Sulphur and Mercury; and making use on all Occasions of the Lungs for Bellows; they pretend by the Force of Words to persuade you that is nothing more easy to be found, than the *Philosophers Stone*: and if you will not believe them, they desire A Crown of you to buy Bread. I am so tired with their Impertinences and your Follies, that I'll hear no more. Besides my other *Patients* want the Time I lose here.

PATIENT. Never vex your self upon that Account, your *Patients* suffer less in your Absence, then when you make them loll out a Foot of Tongue, and squeeze and press their Hypochondres. You'll be with them soon enough, to assure them, as most important News, that they shall have the little Chicken Broth, which you promised them last Night for Dinner: to which you'll add as a singular Favour, the Permission of sucking and chewing the little Bones of the boiled Chicken and Veal. And as a transcendent Kindness, they shall have for Desert, the half of a little roasted Apple, or a little of the Liquor of stewed Prunes, with a little Piece of Bisket. All this delivered in a coaxing Tone, and with a smirking Mouth, which is not to be endured but in a Nurse that looks bonny upon her Babe, when she has a mind to play and fool with it.

PHYS.

PHYS. I would willingly know of you who pretend to so great Skill, what you would prescribe to one upon Recovery from a Sickness?

PATIENT. To eat while he is hungry, and to drink while he is dry, of what he has most mind to, allowing him for Company at Table, Taste, Appetite, nay and the Fever it self.

PHYS. A fair Way to dispatch more, than we kill according to your own Reckoning.

PATIENT. Pardon me there: For I would not keep a sick Person in a Slip during the whole Course of his Sickness, seeing I would give him leave to eat and drink, and if by chance he commits some little Excess, it would be an easy Matter to make Amends for it by Patience, Experience, and Abstinence.

PHYS. Ho, ho, do you speak of Patience and Abstinence, that is *Secretum non Revelandum*. That is, *A Secret not to be revealed*.

PATIENT. And why is not that Secret to be revealed, if it be good? Be ruled by me, shut up your Physick Schools, or model your Faculty after a Parliamentary Manner; let it have an upper House to punish the Rich Nobles, (who have eat but too much, when were they but well,) with Hunger and Fasting; and a lower House appointed for the inferior People, to oblige them to eat and drink of what is good; making the rich Man's Ordinary, the poor Man's Physick; and the Labour and Abstinence of the Poor, the rich Man's rule of Diet. That's the only Way to work good Cures, and to regain your Reputation.

PHYS. We are not to be advised by you. And consider, that you cannot do without us.

PATIENT. Of what use do you take your selves to be to a sick Person? you are just to him what a Pass-
port

port, he runs headlong into the Ambush, and is killed, before ever he be asked *who comes there*. In the mean Time they come off with, *it's Pity he's Dead*, but his Pass-port was superannuated, and he ought not to have trusted to it so rashly, as he did.

PHYS. And what do you conclude from this Extravagancy.

PATIENT. That *Physicians* are like Rails on Bridges, which are useless to Passengers, who have the Wit to keep from the Sides.

PHYS. There is no End of your Insults. However your Phrensy is singular, and I'll observe it, to the end that I may entertain the Publick, with an Idea of perfect Folly.

PATIENT. I should also recriminate on the College; if Tyranny went not so far as to force those who reflect on *Physick*, to bear the Marks of the Faculty.

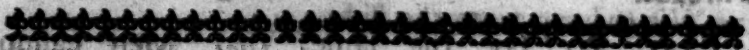
PHYS. Could it do less for putting a Stop to the Insolence of those who publish, that we do no more but let Blood, Purge, and give Glysters.

PATIENT. Yet for all your Defences, you are daily exposed on the Stage with the Habit, Look, Tone, and Gate, which you affect most.

PHYS. What you say of the Stage, we matter not, we must do Good for Evil, I'll prepare you, an *Elixir* of the five *Hellebores*, with *Agarick*; in Order to put a Stop to the Distemper of that rackt Brain, for I pity your Condition.

PATIENT. Keep your *Hellebores* for those that trust in you: You know that *Physick* is mortal to a Body in Health, and though I were as much disturbed as you would have me, the best Remedy still is Rest.

I order it, and I'll take it. As for you, it is my Advice, that you should renounce the Art you profess; for it is not lawfull to follow a Trade you don't understand, and give your self wholly to the Study of *Nature*; that's better Advice than I ever had from you. However I am obliged to you for your Compassion; for it's a rare Thing for a *Physician* to deal ingenuously, Adieu. If you come in my Way again you shall not escape so well.



CONVERSATION XII.

The PHYSICIAN spoken of in the foregoing Conversation, having been long in search of NATURE; finds her, speaks to her and submits to her Laws.

PHYSICIAN. NATURE.

PHYSICIAN. **P**RAY what's the Reason, that of late Men have so little Regard to Life, that they will make no more Use of *Physicians*.

NATURE. Because Men desire to live, and *Physicians* kill them.

PHYS. I am very well satisfied that a Man of Sense, who has studied his own Constitution, may during the whole Course of his Life be without *Physicians* for it one turn but in the least in the little Circle of our Ways of acting, it is easy to observe, that the Revolutions are always the same.

NATURE

NATURE. If Life consisted only in making several Turns in one and the same Circle, it would happen that instead of turning Children, Men would turn young again: Life is not what you take it to be. When I light a Lamp, I fill it with Oil, and leave the Conduct of it to Reason, which preserves it from the Accidents to which it is obnoxious: Nay, I suffer her to dispose of her Match as she thinks fit, and thence it is, that they who double it, consume it sooner than they who divide it into smaller Threads.

PHYS. We say the same, that Men cannot husband too well the radical Moisture you speak of, as of an Oil or Balsam, and therefore think that in all Things we agree.

NATURE. And for my Part, I think by your Discourse, that we agree in nothing at all.

PHYS. At least, this is common to us both, that we cure the Patient who calls for Help.

NATURE. Art thou ignorant that I abhor Blood? and hast thou forgot that Physicians thirst after it, who never enter the House of a Patient but by Force of Arms, Terror going before, and Death following them as the Heels?

PHYS. And how do you enter them?

NATURE. I am there before the sick Person perceives it; of myself I dart a Beam of Hope and Gladness into his Heart: And if the Desire which I suggest to the Patient be not thwarted by a Physician, I shew him in my Train Health and long Life, conducted by Patience.

PHYS. Who dares to thwart you?

NATURE. O²

NATURE. Such a Physician as thee, who neither understanding the Disease, nor the Remedies that are proper for it, buſies thyſelf about the Patient, in doing the Office of an ordinary Cook, ordering Broths, Jellies, and Barley-water, as if you laboured to increaſe the Sickneſs, by what the ſick Perſon has the greateſt Averſion to.

PHYSICIAN. Can one do better at firſt, than to uſe light Food, and benign Medicines. Afterwards, following your Foot-ſtops, we proceed to Purgatives; For it is prudent not to haſten any thing in the Beginning.

NATURE. When one falls, can he be too ſoon raiſed up again? Acknowledge frankly, if thou wouldſt be inſtructed by me, that it's thy Ignorance, and not the Diſeaſe, which makes thee temporize.

PHYSICIAN. I confeſs, that in the beginning of a Diſtemper, we have but very confuſed Notions of the Evil, and of the Remedies, ſo that you would do me a matchleſs Favour, to inform me in what manner Creatures act, from their Birth, to the time of their Death.

NATURE. For that End, thou muſt addreſs thyſelf to the Agent which I have in every Creature.

He it is that diſpoſes it to the End which I have propoſed and diſpoſes ſo abſolutely of it, that through him only it ſubſiſts.

PHYSICIAN. What you call Agent, is that which we call Reaſon in Man; Inſtinct in Beaſts, and Virtues in Plants.

NATURE. What I call Agent, is myſelf; I animate and diſpoſe Matter according to the Intentions
and

and Idea's that are unknown to thee. So that one Spirit moves all the different Specifications in the World; as the same Wind makes all the different Pipes of an Organ to play.

PHYSICIAN. Till now I always thought, that an Animal was nothing but a Machine, all the Art of which consisted in some certain Springs, which made it move, without being susceptible of Pain or Pleasure.

NATURE. Supposing it to be so, tell me who made that Machine? And who put it in Motion? For there is no Effect without a Cause, nor any Motion without a Mover. If thou answer, that it is I, who hath revealed to thee that I am made up of pointed, globular and ramified Particles? And who hath given thee the Power to measure me by Circles and Squares, as if I were a Property of Mathematicks? I, who inform all that is contained in the Elements.

PHYSICIAN. Instruct me then, how I am to speak, that I may not displease you; for I will exactly perform all that lies in my Power, that I may come to the Knowledge of you.

NATURE. If thou studiest me, thou shalt know me as much as Man is capable of, and needful for him. But never expect to attain to it, so long as thou see'st not by the Eyes of the Mind, what the Elements contain; for the Elements which thou see'st are, to speak properly, but the Bark of the Elements, which I use in the Composition of Creatures. Hast thou never observed, that so soon as a Creature is dead, if the Fire be suffered to lend back the Parts whereof it was composed, unto their several Places, there will remain no more but a few Ashes,

all the rest, escaping thy Sight, enter again into the Bosom of the Elements from whence I took them.

PHYSICIAN. The Notion that I have of the Elements, is, that they are in continual War one with another, whether they act of themselves, or by means of that universal Spirit you speak of, which inspires the same Dissention into all Creatures.

NATURE. That Spirit is so great an Enemy of Disorder and Destruction, that so soon as ever it is united to a new Creature, it conceives so violent a Love for it, that it applies itself solely to the conducting of that Creature to the End, which I have proposed to it. And though for the perfecting, preserving, and defending the same, it must use a great many different Means, nay, even Wiles, and Stratagems, yet it omits Nothing that is to be done in performing what is prescribed to it, because nothing can divert it from its Duty. But seeing Self-love might render the Creature so wild, as to become independent on Society, I impose a Necessity upon it of having need of another to perpetuate itself.

PHYSICIAN. I cannot comprehend how one Spirit can at the same time act in so many different and contrary Ways, and as little conceive what Matter that is, which escapes our Sight, and whereof you make use, in the Composition of all Creatures.

NATURE. To understand both, consider those Vapours that rise out of the Sea, admire the Beauty of the Clouds which they compose, which having long hovered in the Air, and been driven to and fro as the Wind lists, that they may be the better penetrated and impregnated by the Beams of the Sun; being at length, unable to bear the Weight of the rich Spoils where-

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wherewith they are loaded, you see how they fall upon the thirsty Earth in gentle Showers, which in Gratitude for that Kindness, sends forth a Perfume more delightful than the Odour of Flowers. Scarcely have these so much wish'd-for Showers refresh'd the Fields and Gardens, but they produce almost as many different Effects, as the Clouds contained Drops of Water. In the mean time, these Drops of Water meeting together, gather themselves into a Body, return to the Sea, and laying aside their Mud, recover their Saltiness again. If then by means of the grossest Parts of the Elements, I can produce so many Wonders, judge what that Spirit must be, that animates and keeps them in Motion.

PHYS. I fancy that these Showers and Dews only refresh and moisten the Earth, without contributing any thing else to the Productions you speak of.

NATURE. That's because your Mind reaches no farther than your Sight. Consider that the Virtues of the Sun-beams, though they be convey'd under Ground by the Rains, yet lose not the Disposition they have of returning to the Place from whence they came. As these Waters then are filtrated in passing through the Earth, so those Spirits disengage themselves, and are detached. Now, if in mounting upwards again, they meet with any Seed or young Root, they cleave to it, as a ready way to facilitate their Ascent to the Regions of the Air. But their Motions and Agitations in these Seeds and Roots, instead of opening their Prisons, lengthen only their Chains, and serve to make the different Extensions and Growth of Plants, Trees, and, in a word, of all Creatures.

PHYS.

PHYS. I admire what you say, tho' I do not fully understand it.

NATURE. Wonder not at that, the Body of Man is not a Vessel solid enough to confine a Mind capable of Knowledge. Thou canst only receive a slight Tincture of it, because Men are filled only with Opinions.

PHYS. But is there no Knowledge mingled with Opinions.

NATURE. If Mens Opinions contain any Knowledge, that Knowledge is like *Willy with the Wisp* in a dark Night, whose Light is more apt to make Travellers lose their Way, than to set them right, whereas the Knowledge I speak of is like the Sun-beams, which burn every thing they touch, if they be in the least contracted.

PHYS. Our Opinions however are founded on Reason that springs from our Understanding.

NATURE. If Man had Understanding, Reason would be of no use to him. Man is blind, and makes use of the Art of reasoning as of a Staff to grope the Way with. Hence it is that he does but nibble and feel so long as he lives, without being assured of any Thing.

PHYS. What Judgment is then to be made of those great Men, who have left us Books full of so profound Knowledge, that no new Thing can be discovered in the Theory or Practice of our Profession, which may not be found in their Works.

NATURE. The Learning of the Doctors you speak of, is but as Perspective in Painting; the nearer we approach the Picture, the more we are undeceived; touch it, and there is nothing of those great Distances that

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that reached out of Sight. Would you wholly break the Charm, scratch but the Cloath, and you'll find by discovering the Thread, that that which thou takest for a Depth, has not so much as an Appearance of it.

PHYS. But to return to our Knowledge; could you not so temper the Beams of it, that I might feel some sweet Influence of the same?

NATURE. That is not to be done in the Sense you imagine, which is to know a thing by itself.

PHYS. What can you then do for me?

NATURE. To inform thee that I have enclosed in all Creatures a simple Reason, or Art of Living, which stands it instead of a Knowledge how to subsist. Now I have diversified that Talent in such a Manner, that not one way of living is like another; nay, even so far, that the same way of living in one and the same kind of Creature, hath its different Practices, according to Countries, Seasons, and Chances that happen. Nevertheless, all these ways of living proceed from the same Source, and center there again.

PHYS. I have always been told, that Nature was simple, and without Art.

NATURE. I am not without Art, but without Antifices. For I call the *Art or way of Living*, that Natural Light which I give to every Creature to be governed and conducted by, whilst it remains in being.

PHYS. That's to say, that you distribute more or less of that Light to every kind of Creature, according to the Inclination that you have for it; and that the Irregularity which is observed in them proceeds from that.

P

NATURE.

NATURE. I love all my Productions alike, and the Virtues and Wonders which they contain within, and exert without, though they be different and opposite, yet yield to one another in nothing. For Instance, is there any Thing more precious and less corruptible than Gold? Nevertheless the great need that Men have of Iron, makes this as useful to them as the other. Is there any thing on Earth endowed with more incomprehensible Virtues than the Loadstone? And yet the smallest Seed that springs, grows, and returns again to Seed, is a subject more worthy of Admiration. For I would have thee know, that the Plants thou treadest upon, are so many precious Boxes, variously painted and figured, which contain as many different Treasures.

PHYS. What! make you no Difference betwixt an Insect that is produced of corrupt Matter, and a perfect Animal, the Fruit of Generation?

NATURE. Thou talkest of Corruption and knowest not what it is. All are produced after the same Manner; and one Creature has nothing to boast of more than another. As to Insects, which thou slightest without Reason, my Art of Living appears in them better concerted and followed, than in Creatures of a bigger Volume. For all Creatures, which cannot without the Assistance of their Fellows, provide for their Necessities and Security, unite together, labour in Society, and live in Common; and that's the Reason why a Company of Bees or Ants, Beavers, or Badgers, effect Things of greater Admiration, than all that can be done by a Stag or wild Boar, a Tyger or a Lion, which lead a lazy and solitary Life in the Obscurity of Dens and Woods; without building Palaces divided into several Apartments, without providing those Victuals which are the Delights of an innocent Life; and in fine, without employing

ploying the Stratagems that the greatest Generals Practice for the Defence of their Country. Thus a single Spark is nothing, but when many join together, they make a Flame.

PHYS. You conclude then, that the Reason of Man is but a bare Art of Living, just so as Beasts have theirs.

NATURE. I thought I had made thee sufficiently to understand by what I have said, that in all this Discourse I only speak of the Animal Part of Man, for that's the only Thing here in Question. Thou knowest by Experience, that in thee I discharge the Functions of the Body, and never perform them better, than when thou meddlest least in them. So every Man that's wise trusts me with all the little Offices of the Organs. Seeing he cannot comprehend the Structure and perfect Harmony of the Body, he thinks it enough to give Praises to him who hath made him the Keeper of so precious a Master-piece. But since that is not the precise Point in Hand, let us return to the Arts of Living, where-with I gratifie living Creatures.

PHYS. Well then, tell me, I pray, what is the End you propose to yourself in all these different Arts?

NATURE. The Conservation and Propagation of Kinds. I stamp that Impression upon all that hath Life, and even upon Things which to thee seem destitute of Sentiment. But I inform them in different Manners, and by Ways that thou knowest but little of.

PHYS. Either that Impression wears out, or you are not obeyed; because your Creatures destroy one another, and seem to acknowledge no Law, but that of the stronger.

NATURE. I have already told thee, that that which thou callest Destruction, is but the Execution of the different Ways of Living amongst Creatures : For there is not one of them which for Preservation of its Life, does not stand in need of a peculiar Food? now when it finds it, it takes it, even to that degree, that in case of need, it devours Creatures of its own Kind, and in an urgent Necessity, feeds on Part of it self.

PHYS. To prevent such cruel Extremities, could you not make your Creatures subsist on Air, Water, and Earth, without being obliged to destroy your Master-pieces, for Life's sake?

NATURE. I do so, in Regard of some Animals, which live meerly on what they draw from the Water and Air; but seeing others want more solid Nourishment than Respiration, I diversifie the Food I prepare for them a thousand Ways; yet still with that Care, that the more of this Food is consumed, the more it encreases and multiplies. Now, I allow not Plants, Insects, and defenseless Animals the Privilege of a speedy Growth, and excessive Multiplication, but on Condition they should imitate Fountains, Brooks, and Rivers, which so soon as they come out of the Earth, run all over the World, to quench the Thirsty; according to these Orders, Aliments thus specified present themselves to the Creature that needs them, to the End, that by eating them, it may add to its Lamp the Sparks of Life, contained in those little Productions.

PHYS. Man may justly then kill other Creatures for Food,

NATURE. If it were Injustice to eat Living Creatures, it would be no less to feed on the Seeds of Plants, Fruit of Trees, and Eggs of Fowls. Man
my

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may without Scruple, make use of the Productions of the Earth and Water. That's to say, of wild Beasts, and Fish: For as to those which thou breedest at Home, and honourest with thy Protection, be satisfied that they repay with Interest the Care and Food thou bestowest on them, seeing they strip themselves to enrich thee with their Feathers and Fleeces, and that they feed thee with their Eggs, and quench thy thirst with their Milk. Not to mention the Pain they suffer in labouring thy Land, and in carrying from one Place to another the Fruits of their Labour: The Pleasure they afford thee when they are Young; the Eagerness wherewith they accompany thee to Game, and their Faithfulness towards thee even to Death.

PHYS. If that Part of the Creature only nourishes the other that feeds on it, what becomes of the rest? Is it lost?

NATURE. There is nothing lost of that which is contained in a Vessel that has no opening; though their Parts change their Place, their Colour and Figure, yet they are not annihilated. Soaped Water blown upon with a gentle Breath, produces an infinite Number of Bubbles, which successively destroy one another. Yet still Nothing is lost nor diminished; what breaks off from the rest of the Matter falls back into it again; and as it is Air that moves these Bubbles within, and environs them without; so the Spirit that animates Creatures, and that which is got loose from the Shackles of Specification, is but one and the same Spirit.

PHYS. Suppose nothing of Matter is lost, yet these various Changes ought to alter it.

NATURE. If a Piece of Earth or Clay may an innumerable many times come under the Hands of the Potter,

Potter, and come out again always in a new Shape and Figure ; by stronger Reason the Mass of the Elements is capable of all these Transmutations without being altered. For my Part, I sport and play in these Vicissitudes.

PHYS. I believe so ; but what's the Reason that we see the Potter prepare the Earth, and that we perceive not what you are a doing, till your Work be pretty far advanced ?

NATURE. The Reason is, because the Artificer is without his Work, and I am within mine. Nor can he imitate more than the outside of the Egg, to me only it belongs, who am within, to form and animate the Chicken.

PHYS. Might not we see the Disposition of Things at that time when you intend to specificate Matter ?

NATURE. Yes, by the Eyes of the Mind, but not of the Body, because I begin my Work in an unperceptible *Point* ; and from thence, as from a Center, I trace to myself a Circumference proportionate to that Center, which I fill as I ought, under the cover of a Veil ; for no Man ever saw me openly at Work, insomuch, that my Work is more than half done, when it begins to fall under thy Senses.

PHYS. What's the Reason of that ?

NATURE. Why, because the Matter I make use of from first to last in the Composition of a mixt Body, cannot be perceived by bodily Eyes, though it be cloathed with the Elements. Now, that Matter is no where to be found in greater Abundance, nor more within my reach, than in the Air : And therefore, it is the Store-house of that precious Treasure. Out of the vast Reservatory then, which is above thy Head, and without the reach of thy Senses,
do

CONVERSATION XX. 111

do I form the Multitude of the Water-works which embellish the Grass-plot of the World, and which rise higher or lower, according as they draw their Influence from on High. For thou must know, that Life is but a gentle dropping of Living Waters; of which the Stars are as the Sources, and which falling from Heaven upon Earth, spirt out in all Places upon this Theatre of the Universe.

PHYS. I admire you, and am lost in the Maze of Thoughts which your Oracles suggest to me.

NATURE. Do'st thou begin to comprehend any thing of this?

PHYS. I cannot tell; but thus much I'll say, if you'll give me leave, that at present I look upon you as an immense Spirit, to which the Elements which our Senses perceive not, are instead of a Body; that all Creatures are its animated Organs, and that it is only by their Actions that we discover you.

NATURE. Thou conceivest then how I animate the Organs.

PHYS. Not fully, but making a Judgment of you by these Actions of the Organs, I fancy that your Body corporifies your Spirit, and that your Spirit spiritualizes your Body: However it be, I am ravished to see with what Dexterity you open the hardest Stone of a Fruit, from whence, as from a Point, you bring forth a Creature of a vast Bulk and prodigious Weight, the Earth, in the mean time, which bears that Date-tree, or Oak, neither diminishing nor sinking under the Burthen. And, which is still to me more incomprehensible, with admirable Skill you bring back and reduce the Essential Parts of that Production into as small a Point, as that from whence it sprung; with this Astonishing Circumstance, that
it

it was single when first it grew, and that during whole Ages, it yearly produces innumerable Numbers of Vegetables like itself.

NATURE. Could'st thou but penetrate into the Secrets of that Point, there thou would'st find in Abridgment, the Oak and Date-tree, with all their Proportions. But I only wish you were so sharp-sighted, as to discern the Texture of the Parts of Insects, that thou mightest judge of their true Harmony when they are in Motion. If thou could'st enter into that profound Scrutiny, thou would'st confess that the meanest Particles of which thou art composed, cannot be more distant from what thou art at present, than thou in the State thou'rt in, art from that vast space contained within the Firmament.

PHYS. I know enough, to make me adore the Hand, which in so small a Compass, hath so skillfully fitted all things necessary for such strange Performances, that Insects, almost imperceptible, can trace themselves several ways in a hard Skin; the other can skip and jump in the Air a thousand times higher than they are in bigness. And that there are some, who in the Night time sound a Charge, and fall cruelly upon Lions and the stoutest of Animals; in so much, that I am convinced that you deserve greater Admiration in your less Productions, than in your greater.

NATURE. You say too much.

PHYS. Alas! what would not I say of your inexhaustible Fecundity and vast reach of Fore-cast, if by letting me see you openly, you had taught me to praise you as you deserve. All that remains to me to be done, is to cry out in Extasie, *O the Power and Wisdom of that Spirit!* which can dispose and shape so many different Bodies in the Manner they ought to

CONVERSATION XII. 113

to be, for the Execution of various opposite Ends and Designs.

NATURE. These are Praises which don't belong to me; the Power which I exert is nothing in Comparison of the Omnipotence of him who hath trusted me with it. If I dispose the Elements, it's by his Orders. His Power is equal to his Will. Does he will a Thing? it is. Does he call that which never was? it is present, and subsists so long as he pleases. No sooner did he say, let the World be, but the World started out of Nothing. So also when he speaks, the Heavens hear, the Earth hearkens, the Winds stop their Breath, the Sea smooths the Swelling of its Waves, the Mountains shake to the very Foundation, and fear seizeth on all living Creatures. I myself pressed in Duty, wait but the Word of Command for Execution of his Orders: For it is with me, in respect of him, as with Lightning, which, though it seems to go before, yet indeed comes after the Thunder-clap.

PHYS. What! is there a Deity superior to thine? Tell me, I pray where it is, what it does, and what it says.

NATURE. Do'st not thou understand what the different Revolutions of the Stars, wherewith the Heavens are adorned, speak of the Author of the Universe? See'st thou not how the Earth testifies its Gratitude to him by the Return of Seasons crowned with Flowers and Fruit? Does not the Majesty of the Sea imprint upon thee a respect towards him? What do'st thou think of the regular Motions of the vast Ocean? What say'st thou of all the Creatures, which those great Bodies either sustain or contain? Art thou ignorant of all those Divine Languages?

Q

PHYS.

PHYS. No, I begin to distinguish what till now I always confounded. I am so illuminated with this new Light, and so transported by these great Truths, that now I am convinced that the Mind of Man is not capable of Knowledge. I cannot hear nor retain any more, for now I am satisfied and contented.

NATURE. That's not enough. That I may fully cure thee of thine Error, I will have thee precisely to know the Difference betwixt the Sovereign Being, and Nature. The Almighty creates, and Nature produces. I animate Creatures, but it is he that gives the Stock of Life, that takes it away, and restores it. And as Art strives to imitate Nature, so does Nature Labour to attain to the Perfection of the Creator. But it is in vain for me to torment myself, because I depend on Principles: All that I can do then, is to put the Creatures in Motion, and so to govern them, that, if it be possible, before they have finished their Course, they may be in a Condition of leaving others after them that may trace the same Footsteps. But seeing these Courses are unequal, hence it is, that it is to be observed in me, that at the same time, and in the same Place, some Creatures are born, and some die; that some corrupt, and others tend to Perfection; to which, as I have just now said, they cannot attain; for my Power is no less stinted in the End than in the beginning of all my Works.

PHYS. Now am I so well instructed, that I perfectly conceive that it is with you as with the Sun, who in all the Moments of his Course, rises and sets somewhere; so that your continual Motion, as well as his, is a certain Proof of your Dependance and Subordination.

NATURE. Thou hast hitherto said nothing better, though the Comparison of the Sun quadrates not exactly

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actly in all Senses: For to speak properly, that Luminary never rises nor sets. He is a Fountain of Life, whom all the Planets, who stand in need of his Fire, strive to wait on, that they may rejoice in his Light; nor do they absent themselves, but with Regret from him;

PHYS. These Things are a little too high for me: Have the Goodness only to tell me, if the Defects that are to be seen in Creatures, be an Effect of the Limits that are set to your Power.

NATURE. The Faults which thou observest in Creatures, are never occasioned by me. The Order on my Part is good, but the Matter cannot always answer what I demand from it. Nevertheless, however a Creature appears to thee in its Imperfection, yet it still contains more Wonders than thou art capable of comprehending so long as thou livest.

PHYS. Alas! our Life is so short, that it is hardly sufficient to give us a Glance of you; however, I heartily consecrate to you the little remaining Time I have to live, if you will but condescend to tell me, how I ought to employ it.

NATURE. As to thine animal Part, imitate the Animals, who learn by observing what others do, and never transgress the Bounds set to their Kind.

PHYS. Do the Animals any thing worthy of Observation, or of the Imitation of a rational Man?

NATURE. Most Certainly, they do nothing but what deserves your best Attention; study their Forecast, and the Pains they take to gather and preserve their Provisions. Admire their Skill in making their Nests, and placing them securely; the Circumspection they use, and Hazards they run to save their young One's; how neatly the Dam brings them up;

how dexterous she is in finding them Food; in preparing and dividing it among them. In fine, observe the Kindness that Animals have for those who do them good; the Satisfaction they take on those who injure them; their Courage, Generosity, and above all, their Constancy in one kind of Life, and thou'lt find in their Conduct, enough to rectifie your own.

PHYS. But yet I think, that for one Animal that does any thing regularly in Appearance, or by Chance, there are a thousands that live disorderly.

NATURE. No, I tell thee: Most part of Animals when they have eaten, if they be young and at Liberty, they play; if they be old or weary, they take their Rest, and of Actors turn Spectators. When Hunger seizeth them again, they seek out how to satisfy it; and the Exercise they perform for procuring their Food, seasons and makes it better for them. In fine, they lead a quiet and peaceable Life, and have no Quarrels one with another, unless sometimes during the Heat of their Amours or Hunger.

PHYS. Is it not so with Man, who is never more tractable, than when he is most amorous?

NATURE. Give me not Man for an Instance; he is, of all Creatures, and in all Things the most irregular, especially in his Amours, in which he burns and consumes like the *Phoenix*, hoping to spring up again anew from his Ashes: Or otherwise he is a Boulter, which being continually rosted and shaken, retains nothing but the Bran.

PHYS. I perceive you would conclude, that we ought to imitate Animals in their Duties, their Plays, and above all, in their Moderation, and Uniformity of Life.

NATURE.

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NATURE. It is true. But I would that thy Reason, which is above the Elements, should act with that Pre-eminence and Excellence which is suitable to so exalted a Condition as thine is, that surpasses all Things visible in the Universe.

PHYS. I know very well, that what you have told me of the Body, is address'd to Reason; but what Road shall I follow to come to the Knowledge of the Virtues which the Elements contain, and of the Manner how you inform them? For what you told me of it, makes a deep Impression on me.

NATURE. To know how the Elements act, trust us with the Treasure of your Granaries, and observe the Steps that we shall take, to render thee the hundred fold of it better and more lovely: If thou would'st see that Operation under other Shapes, by your Care and Labour, invite us into thy Vineyards and Gardens, and we will there entertain thee with Delights and Plenty, whence thou may'st draw sound Consequences for the most desperate Evils.

PHYS. Since you are willing to make me Participant of your Riches, I heartily renounce all the Treasures of this World.

NATURE. Thou shalt not be the poorer for that. I have furnished all the Countries of the Earth with what is convenient for those that inhabit them and love me. I give them the free Enjoyment of every Thing, which is all that I can do for Man, because he can possess nothing in proper. Farewell, make good use of the Council I have given you, study and practice what I have laid down. And that's the Way to live long, and enjoy Health, without being burdensome to yourself or others. In fine, be persuaded that the Way *Nature* takes, is that which I most approve. Adieu.

NATURE

PHYS.

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PHYS. What! must I hear you no more?

NATURE. How doth that agree with what you said not long ago, that you could not hear nor retain any more. Since that, have not you been told enough? You ought to be content.

PHYS. No, I am not. Confirm by one Word, I beseech you, what now you have inspired into me. One Word, I pray, after that, my Desires and Fears shall be at an End.

NATURE. Though thou should'st have no Cause to be afraid of others, yet distrust thyself; and that you may be above the Reach of the Injustice of Men, renounce thine own Will and Interest, lead an innocent and quiet Life, pity the Evils of others, without exaggerating thine own. In fine, do good to all Men, and always speak the Truth.

PHYS. With all my Heart. Can any Man do better than what you suggest?

NATURE. At length now you are satisfied.

PHYS. No Man can be more. But I am so afraid I shall forget what I have just now heard, that I am impatient till I write it.

NATURE. The only Caution you should use, in respect of the Seeds wherewith the Soul of the World hath enriched yours, is to weed out of your Mind the bad Plants that the School hath raised in it, that they may not choak the Simples of Nature.

PHYS. That's not enough: The Murders I have committed, and the precious Talents wherewith I am now entrusted, require that I should go and offer my Head to those whose Relations and Friends I have killed, that by Discourse and Example I may persuade

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swade them to submit to the Laws of Nature: For I shall never die satisfied, untill I have made my Gratitude to her appear, by the Pains that I will take in reclaiming Men from Surfeiting and Drunkenness, and in curing them of the Evil of Physicians, and of the Errors of Medicine.



RULES and MAXIMS, to preserve Health and prolong Life.



BEING desired by several Friends to lay down some General Rules in Order to preserve Health and prolong Life, I readily comply'd, and therefore to bring Things into an orderly Method, I shall begin with the Day.

And first, when you rise out of your warm Bed don't enter immediately into a fluttering Night-gown, Beau Cap and Slippers. But keep your Head and Neck a little warmer, with Additions to what you wore in the Night; buckle up your Shoes quick, girt your Cloaths tight about you, 'till your Pores are gradually clos'd.

After an Hour or two wash and dress: Rub your Teeth with a little fine Salt, wash and gargle your Mouth with fair Water. This preserves your Teeth firm and sound, and keeps off Tooth-ach and Swelling.

About

About nine o'Clock, take some slight Breakfast, as Water-gruel, Barley-broth, Flummery, Milk, Milk-pottage, Barley-cream. Bohea-Tea, or green Milk-Tea.

Milk-Tea, is my own Breakfast, throughout the Year. — I put three Spoonfuls of cold raw Milk into my China Dish, and sweeten it to my Palate with 8^d or 9^d Sugar; thus season'd, I drink 3 or 4 Dishes in a Morning with Delight and great Benefit.

I chuse green, rough Tea; for thus us'd 'tis more cleansing and grateful. Several have followed my Example herein with great Benefit: Therefore I mention it.

And for Dinner observe. First, to buy such Provisions, as are in their proper Season. For many things are to be had in great Plenty, which are not wholesome Nourishment, being out of Season.

The other is, That the Females of all things are the finest Food and best Nourishment, while young: But when they come to breed, &c. the Males are preferable.

Abhor'd be strong Beer, Ale, Wine, or a Dram of the Bottle in a Morning.

If any are so ill accusom'd, let them immediately consult Nature. That their vitiated Stomachs may be restor'd to their natural Heat and Strength, and their inflam'd Blood, quieted down to a just Consistence and Temper.

About twelve or one o'Clock resort to the Place of Dinner, where begin not too eagerly, tho' Appetite presses forward. Eat deliberately, chew well: For your Teeth are to macerate your Food, and mix it with a vivid Saliva, that springs forth in the Action: And is of more Benefit to Fermentation and Chylification, than most People are aware of.

Observe

Observe the Cravings of your Stomach, and don't affect to force it by Wines, Pickles and gustful Sauces.

Don't eat a great deal hastily, and drink in moderate Proportions at several times while you are eating.

The first time you think you have pretty well done, stop, be sure then, 'tis enough for that Meal.

Midling Beer, a little hop't is of sufficient Strength for most Persons.

Having thus temperately din'd. Don't presently fall to Tea, Coffee, Fruit, &c.

Abstain 5 or 6 Hours, then the dilutive Cup may be moderately taken, or a little wholesome Fruit, and provision made for a moderate Supper, contriv'd of such things as are less substantial, than what was for Dinner, and of a little stronger Nourishment, than what was mention'd for Breakfast. Every one's Invention is quick enough for his Belly.

To keep your Body in due Temper, observe a temperate Diet. For a little well digested and assimilated preserves the Body stronger and more vigorous than Superfluity.

Eat not, because the customary Time for it is arriv'd, unless your Appetite be so too. For to charge the Stomach with a new Supply upon a Semi-digestion of the former Meal, causes Crudities, and a foul Stomach, which must clog the Body, and procure Diseases.

Unequal Proportions of Meat to Drink, and Drink to Meat are injurious.

'Tis a very good *Italian* Proverb, *He that will eat much, let him eat little*: For by eating little at a time, he prolongs his Life, and so makes it up.

An empty Stomach receives with Delight, digests with Strength, and promotes a good Concoction, which make Assimilation, thriving and a wholesome clean Body.

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'Tis better to eat twice a Day with Moderation, than to make one over-large Meal; tho' you do abstain above double the usual time, for Compensation.

However, if you have transgress'd at any Meal, abstain from the next; or let it be a very thin one.

Have your Variety not at the same, but at several Meals.

Forbear Employ of Body or Mind, till half an Hour, or an Hour after Dinner.

Sit not close to the Fire, even in cold Weather, presently after Dinner: For it raises Fumes, and hinders Digestion: A cool Air will strike the Heat inward, to help the new Access.

Neither eat nor drink presently after Exercise, or when you are hot: Stay till Nature has recall'd her dissipated Spirits.

Canary, Sherry, White, or Rhenish Wines are not so fit at Meals (where Wine is allow'd) as Claret.

The former over-heat and glut the Stomach; the other accelerate the Food, too soon making it pass crude, and ill digested. Claret corrugates the Stomach, strengthens its tone, moderately warms and so retains the Food, and helps a good Concoction.

But young Persons, whose Stomachs are warm and strong, need not this Help. Nay, Wine is hurtful for 'em.

The too early use of Wine and strong Drinks ruins thousands by devouring the natural Heat, and firing the Blood into feverish Frets and Consumptions.

The creating of false Appetites with Wine and other strong Liquors, in the first use of 'em, provoke to Gluttony, and after that weaken and destroy the Stomach!

For, besides the preying on the vital Fire and radical Moisture; they relax the fibrous Folds of the Stomach, and incline to a Nausea, and Reachings, next to spewing, and to Diarrhæas, and Fluxes, and many nasty Distempers.

A strong Body may bear for a while, with an irregular Course of Diet, better than a tender Constitution, which is soon sensible of Disorder. But at length he cuts short his Days to what they might be, while the puleing Person out-lives him.

I have often observ'd, for many Years, that the Sickly and Infirm survive the Robust and Bold, who live at any, or no Rate; while the others live by some Rule.

To come now to my other Directions, relating to moderate Exercise or Labour, so as to promote the necessary Laws of Perspiration.

All due Exercise makes the Body lightsome brisk and airy, increases natural Heat, promotes a good Concoction in the Habit of the Body: Besides a convenient Expulsion of Excrements.

And here take this Note. Never baulk Nature's first Motions to Evacuation.

Immoderate Exercise wastes the Flesh, fires our natural Heat, riots the Blood, begets the Scurvy (which looks like a Paradox) by chasing the fix'd Salts into such an Ebullition with the Spirits, that they tear the balmy Texture of the Blood, and make void its Continuity, which is the *Vinculum*, or Tye of Life.

Persons of a thinner habit of Body, are very apt to be damaged, by too long or too violent Exercise. Gross and corpulent Bodies will endure it with less Hurt.

The Measure to be observed (as in Diet) cannot be the same to all Bodies; nor to the same Persons at all Seasons.

So much Exercise as promotes a full Perspiration, without sweating, is a convenient mean: For it should be *ad ruborem non sudorem*.

Moderate Exercises rarifies and plumps the Flesh, dilates the minutest Passages, making Way for new Nourishment and Air to refresh and ventilate.

In Respiration, we don't expire at Mouth and Nose what we inspire: But some Part of every Draught of Air breaths through our Pores, as is obvious by laying your Finger on a bright scour'd Dish, you'll see the Effluviūms condense.

Use Exercise in the Forenoon, but give over half an Hour before Dinner. In the Evening 'tis proper again.

Be not violent at it, nor continue it too long; but desist with Refreshment and Pleasure.

Let every one please his Fancy in innocent Recreation, only secure a *Decorum*.

Betwixt no Exercise and too much, I'll leave you to exercise your Discretion.

Intend your Exercise gradually, and abate so: Then you need no extraordinary Garment, when you come off from it, or fear catching Cold.

For from a sudden Warmth to a sudden Chills, there's Danger.

'Tis an healthful Sign, to feel lighter and brisker at Exercise, than really one is.

The turgid Effervescence of the Spirits, by Exercise expands the Pores, ventilates the Blood, and throws off those *Effluviūms* which endanger Fevers, by smothering, gross, malignant Humours.

But violent Exercise sooner destroys the Body, than the want of it.

Therefore consumptive Bodies, and those that are hot, cholerick, and lean, which require but little and mild Exercise, must be caution'd against Excess in Recreation or Employment, as well as in Meat and Drink: Least they break up their tender Crasis of Blood, and by firing the Spirits make 'em prey on the pure Balsam of Life. They must rest much more than others, and often settle their Spirits by Ease of Body and Mind.

FINIS.



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